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Cambria Freeman.

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$1.50 and postage per year in advance.
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A COMMON LOT.

'Tis a common story I have to tell,
And perhaps you may think you have known her well—
The little old woman who touched in me
The magical spring of sympathy.
She was not a heroine, not at all—
A farmer's wife, with a sphere so small,
Though she often dreamed of deeds sublime,
Yet she never did them; she hadn't the time.

She worked in the morning, she worked at night,
And her labors were never completed quite;
There was milking and baking and churning to do,
And cleaning and nursing and mending, too,
And the weeks seemed alike as they whirled away,
And Sunday was never a resting day;
She heard from afar the church bells chime,
But she rarely went there; she hadn't the time.

She was never accounted a woman of taste,
For her garments so plain were put on in such haste.
The vast world of books and the rich realms of art
Were regions in which she had scarcely a part;
Though the song of the birds, and the scent of the flowers,
And the hues of the clouds in the soft evening hours,
Would thrill all her pulses like music or rhyme,
But she seldom watched them; she hadn't the time.

Were her talks for her household expended in vain?
O, no, they lived "Mother," though poky and plain,
She had a kind heart, and they knew it full well;
They felt she was dull, and they couldn't quite tell
Why she sometimes was cross, and was ill at ease,
When some women seem born to be pleasant and please.
She loved them with love of a tropical clime,
Without its caresses; she hadn't the time.

Was it strange, ere the evening of life had drawn nigh,
The summons was heard, she must take time to die?
She folded her worn hands and lifted her prayer:
"O God, I have had so much labor and care;
I never have given Thee my thoughts as I should;
I wished to be saintly: I longed to be good;
But the cares of this life choked each purpose sublime,
Dear Father, forgive me, I haven't had time."

—Annie R. Henderson, in Housewife.

AT ARROMANCHES.

The Untold, Hopeless Love of the Poor Fisher-Girl.

Such a delightful ride as it is from Bayeux to Arromanches in blossom time! And, if one does not soon become tired, it is quite as pleasant when one walks. There are apple blossoms all the way, and bright fresh grass by the roadside. For a long time, when one looks back over the flat country, the three tall spires of the cathedral at Bayeux loom up above the apple blossoms and every thing else; but one loses sight of them at last, and thinks only of the great drifts of apple blossoms which fill the air with sweetness. By and by the Chateau de Tracy is seen, half hidden by the trees about it; and soon after the road turns, and there is the single long street of Arromanches before one on the edge of the cliff, and in front the wide, curving bay. Perhaps it is August when one goes to Arromanches, and in that case he will see red apples gleaming and twinkling among the leaves, and the gardens at Arromanches will be ablaze with tall spikes of hollyhock or lurid with gigantic sunflowers. If one likes hollyhocks and sunflowers better than apple blossoms, it is better to see Arromanches in August. But the people who go to Arromanches and lodge at the Auberge Chretien go there for the sake of the bathing and not for apple blossoms or sunflower disks. They are mostly people from the larger Norman towns, with a sprinkling of English tourists, and now and then a stray American or two.

Wilfred Avery is one of these last. Brought here by some random freak of travel, he has found the quiet life at the Auberge Chretien and on the silvery *plage* below the cliff so agreeable that he has stayed here week after week, with the time of his departure still undetermined. Scattered about on the firm white sands are many little red and white tents, in the shade of which people sit through long summer hours reading, talking with each other, or, what is far more profitable to a contemplative mind, watching the sea. Wilfred does not find the time hanging heavily on his hands down here on the *plage*. He knows every one about him, and as he is fairly good-looking, with cheerful, agreeable manners, he is a general favorite and a welcome guest under any or all of the red and white tents. The fishermen like to have him stop and chat with them while they are busy about their boats, and the bare-legged fisher-girls, crossing the sands with their nets across their shoulders, often exchange a cheery *bon jour* with him when they see him under the shade of his tent. He is a simple-natured, generous soul, who would suffer torture himself rather than pain any one else by word or deed. Every day, nearly, he writes a letter there in his tent to his far-off *fiancee* in America; and when the year of waiting is over in which he has promised not to see her, to gratify some absurd whim of her mother's, he will return to America and they will be married in due time. Meanwhile he is amusing himself in finding out all sorts of attractive nooks and corners of travel, with the intention of bringing Eleanor to them next year. Eleanor will be sure to like Arromanches, he thinks, as he paces the hard white sands or rambles along the cliff. Sometimes at evening he leaves the Auberge Chretien for a chat with the fishermen sitting about on their updrawn boats, just out of the reach of the tide. The lights on the cliff above twinkle cheerfully, and through the line of spars and tangled rigging the sea flashes white in the moonlight. The young man takes a placid enjoyment in it all—the gleaming sea, the twinkling lights, the gossiping talk of the fisherfolk. He knows by this time the family history of half the dwellers in Arromanches. He knows why Jeanne Vauvray will not marry either Simon Cauchon or his brother Alphonse, both of whom have been in love with her from their childhood; why Louis Dumont goes every Sunday to Bernay; how much money Henri Serment made from his fish the year before and just what fish the *cure* prefers for his Friday dinners. At least, if he does not know all these things, it is not for want of hearing about them often. And he is communicative in his turn, and tells them much about America and of the many places he has visited in his travels, to all of which they listen intently, but with an inward conviction that Arromanches is better to live in than any one of those strange foreign places. But of Eleanor he says nothing. Perhaps it might have been well to have told them of her also.

One day he loses a little keepsake that she gave him—a small gold eye-glass hook—and all the youngsters in Arromanches scamper about on the *plage* the whole morning in search of it for him. But they fail to find it, and Wilfred feels a little vexed over the loss, for he remembers well the foolish little talk, foolish yet so sweet, when she first fastened it upon his coat, months before. Mme. Chretien takes a personal interest in her lodger, like every one else in Arromanches, and is quite distressed to hear of his loss.

"But what would you?" she says. "Every one must lose something in the course of his life, and when it is not one thing it is sure to be another. The week before Monsieur came she lost a silver pin that she had had for twenty years, and about the same time her cousin at St. Aubin lost his best cow, and so it was, and she was very sorry for monsieur, but what would you? If one did not lose things sometimes perhaps one might be happier than *le bon Dieu* intended—who knows?" Wilfred laughs softly to himself at this bit of philosophy, and madame hastens into the inn yard to speak to Pauline, the maid, who is dittering about the pavement in her wooden shoes, quite forgetful, apparently, that it will soon be time to serve the dinner. The look of vexation returns to Wilfred's face when he is alone.

"I would rather lose almost any thing else," he says to himself. Just then there is a knock at the glass door of his room, which opens upon the gallery encircling the *auberge* on the inner or court-yard side. A tall, good-looking fisher-girl stands there bare-footed and bare-legged, holding in her hand the missing eyeglass hook.

"Is it this which Monsieur has lost?" she says, somewhat timidly. Wilfred eagerly responds that it is.

"I found it on the *plage* but now," says the girl, "as I was coming back to the cliff with my net. Alphonse Cauchon, it was he who said to me that the American Monsieur at the Auberge Chretien had lost it, and Monsieur will see that I have brought it at once to him."

"It is very good of you to take so much trouble," says Wilfred, gently, and he is about to offer her a coin for the service she has rendered him when the girl shakes her head decidedly.

"But no, Monsieur, it is not necessary to pay Elise Rigault for doing a simple duty that costs her no trouble or pains."

"True, true," assents Wilfred, "but Elise will not mind, I hope, taking some little thing from me that will help to keep the American in mind after he has gone to Arromanches." And, saying this, he hands her a small, velvet-framed picture of the Sistine Madonna which stands on a table by him and on which his eyes happen to fall at that moment.

Elise takes it hesitatingly.

"Surely," she says, "Monsieur can not mean for me to have this!" And she looks from the picture to Wilfred, and from Wilfred back to the picture, in bewilderment.

"Yes, that is just what I do mean," answered the other, with decision.

Elsie looks about the room, with its many little devices for comfort and luxury—for Wilfred has something of the sybarite in his composition—and then at the good-looking owner of them all, and seems for a moment lost in thought.

"Monsieur is very kind," she says at length, "and he may be sure that Elise will not forget him." And then she bids the American good-evening, and goes down the steep gallery staircase to the inn yard, and disappears in the twilight, holding the velvet frame fast in her hard hand.

Wilfred is too glad to regain Eleanor's gift to think very much about the manner of its restoration, but the next morning, as he sits under his tent, he sees the fisher-girls crossing the sands not far away from him. Among them is Elise. "Bon jour, Monsieur," they call out as they pass. Elise is the last one, and she turns her head for another look at him. He waves his hand kindly, and she smiles and hurries on to her companions.

The days go on quietly at Arromanches. One day is just like another, but the young man does not mind that. The walk down the *plage* after breakfast; the reading and writing under the red and white tent; the chats with the occupants of the other tents; the walks towards Bayeux or elsewhere in the afternoon; the evening spent among the fishermen and their boats—these things are what fill up his harmless, if not severely profitable, days. Every day the lines of bare-legged fisher-girls crosses the silvery sands and every day he waves his hand lightly to Elise and thinks of her not again till the next time he sees her.

Elise's memory is longer. Indeed, he is never far out of her mind. When she is alone she repeats softly to herself the words he said to her, and wonders vaguely if all Americans are like him. So the days go by with her; each with a little pain, the cause of which she does not quite know; each with a little sweetness in it when she sees him under his tent on the *plage*, or catches a glimpse of him in the village.

But August comes at length to its end, and Wilfred makes up his mind to leave Arromanches. Every one is sorry to hear that he is going, and fully half the village gathers about the diligence in front of the Auberge Chretien on the morning of his departure. All the Chretien household are there in full force, of course, and with them many of the fishermen and fisher-girls, and a greater number of small children than one would have believed existed in the entire hamlet. It is an exceedingly pleasant thing to be young and a general favorite, and Wilfred enjoys very much this spontaneous evidence of his popularity. The farewells take up a good deal of time—so much, indeed, that the diligence is at least twenty minutes late when it starts for Bayeux.

"I shall come again next year," calls out Wilfred from the diligence, and then, amidst a general cry of "Bon voyage, Monsieur," the diligence rolls away.

At the Chateau de Tracy the diligence stops to take on another passenger, and here, by the roadside, Wilfred sees Elise. He does not dream that she has taken an early walk along the Bayeux road that she may see him once more after all the others have said their farewells. But so it is, and fortune has been kind to her, for the stopping of the diligence has given her the opportunity for a word with him while the luggage of the new passenger is being taken on. She has on her sabots now, and is very neatly dressed.

"Monsieur must know that I had an errand at the Chateau, and so I could not bid him farewell, as the others said they should do at the Auberge Chretien."

She smiles as she says this, and Wilfred believes her, says a few kind words, hopes he shall see her there next year, climbs back into the diligence, and she is left standing alone at the gate of the Chateau de Tracy. Then, and not till then, her eyes fill with tears.

* * * * * * *

A year goes by, and Wilfred is once more in Arromanches. Things have gone well with him meanwhile, and Eleanor accompanies him this time. Every one is anxious to see the wife of the young American. She would be very nervous if she knew how critical are the eyes of these Norman villagers who look at her so closely. But she knows nothing of this, fortunately, and, without any effort to do so, she wins their hearts as completely as her husband had done the year before, and the general verdict is that she is quite worthy to be the wife of the young American. They are walking together on the sands the morning after their arrival. One of the fisher-girls is returning to the village. It is Elise. Wilfred perceives, as she approaches them.

"See, Elise," said Wilfred, gayly, "here is my wife; she who gave me the little hook you found last summer."

Elise stops short. "His wife!" She shivers slightly, although the day is warm. She tries to smile, but does not speak. Wilfred takes her silence for timidity, but there is a look in her eyes as she gazes from him to Eleanor that Eleanor understands better than her husband can.

"My husband has told me of you," she says, kindly, "and we are both glad to see you."

She wins the girl to say a few words, and then they move away, and Elise is left alone as she was a year ago at the gate of the Chateau de Tracy, but this time not even the faintest gleam of a shadowy hope stays with her to brighten the future. And Wilfred will never know. The secret was safe with Eleanor, who read it instantly when she looked in the eyes of Elise. She is sure of it when they meet Elise again with the same look of dumb pain in her eyes. They leave Arromanches in a week or two, and from behind a hedge on the Bayeux road Elise watches their departure. She has never put her thoughts into words. She is conscious only of suffering that she can not help, suffering that is no one's fault, unless it be a fault to be handsome and kind and unobserving.

A month after the Averys leave Arromanches there reaches him a packet from Mme. Chretien inclosing some articles left behind by accident, and in an accompanying note the writer says: "Monsieur will be grieved to know of the death of Elise Rigault. It was but a day or two after Monsieur and his wife left Arromanches. It is thought by some that she left one of her nets on the rocks behind the *plage*, and, going to look for it at high tide, she may have fallen on the stones and into the water. It was Alphonse Cauchon who found her there floating in the water, in a narrow place between the rocks, which perhaps Monsieur remembers. It is very strange to us at Arromanches, for Elise could swim, like all the girls who go out with the nets. It may be that the fall on the rocks made her unconscious, but *le bon Dieu* only knows."

"Poor Elise!" says Wilfred, pityingly, and by and by goes out of doors and forgets.

"Poor Elise!" says Eleanor, and when Wilfred comes back he sees she has been weeping.

"Tender little heart!" he says, "weeping for one whom you saw but two or three times, and of whom you know so little."

And Eleanor is silent.—Oscar Fay Adams, in Christian Union.

PRANKS OF A JESTER.

A Practical Joker Whose Death Was Caused by His Master's Jest.

Entertaining are some anecdotes told of Gonella, jester to Borso, Duke of Ferrara, in the fifteenth century. As Gonella was on his way to mass three blind beggars implored an alms of him. "Here is a florin for you," said the jester; "divide it among you." He gave nothing and passed on. The beggars invoked blessings on him, each supposing that one of his fellows was in possession of the coin. When they wished to divide the gift not one of them would allow that he held it, and they mutually accused each other of cheating, and from words proceeded to blows. Gonella watched the fray with great complacency, and when the beggars were all bruised and bleeding he went on to church with a clear and calm conscience.

The Duke of Ferrara fell ill, and the doctors declared that only a sudden fright would restore him to health. He was too great a man for any one to play tricks on except his fool. Gonella was with him in a boat, and cleverly pushed the Duke into the water. Aid had been previously provided, and the Prince was drawn ashore and put to bed. The fright and the bath and the bed cured the invalid, but he was so enraged with Gonella that he exiled the man, who was both a fool and a physician. Gonella returned in a cart filled with Paduan soil; an evasion of the edict of banishment said to have been practiced by many a jester. The Duke ordered him to be beheaded, but saying privately that he would only feign fright with fright, he directed the executioner not to use the axe, but to let fall a single drop of water on the culprit's neck. Gonella was led to the scaffold; all the usual gloomy preparations were made. He was blindfolded and made to lay his head upon the block. The executioner, from a vial, let fall a drop of water on Gonella's neck. Then, amid shouts and laughter, the jester, silent now, was bidden to rise and thank the Duke for his clemency. But Gonella never moved; he was dead—killed by his master's jest.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Subsequent Discovery.

Archie de Veu (jealously)—Who was that scarecrow you just met on the stairs?

Mabel Blossom—That was an old friend of mine.

Archie de Veu—Ah! indeed, (sarcastically); was he the ugliest man you could find?

Mabel Blossom (sweetly)—Yes; but that was before I met you, Archie.

THE BETTER LAND.

It is not far;
The swallow knows,
That flies beyond the evening star,
And sees the everlasting rest
Of peace and sweet content stretched far
In lines of gold. From out the west
Soft banks of rose
And amethystine clouds fly
Straight on to where the white gates swing
Apart and let dead hours float by
Upon eternity's dark wing—
It is not far!

It is so far!
The mother knows,
Who sees the waves creep o'er the bar
And hear away her precious bark,
Wherein loved eyes, that shadows mar,
Stare to the night. The river, dark
Still swiftly flows
On toward the angel-guarded gate
Through which the cold, dead hours are borne,
And near which yearning mothers wait,
And cry out in their grief, forlorn:
"Lord, it is far!"
—Ella Perkins Tople, in Good Housekeeping.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

Which, However, Had a Very Happy and Satisfactory Ending.

My cousin, Harvey Lewis, had said, the evening before: "Little coz, I'm coming to take you for a drive to-morrow, if the weather is fine," and the weather being fine, we went.

He was only my second cousin, but we had always made a great deal of the relationship, and he seemed more like a brother than so distant a connection. But on that day he told me how he loved me and how I only could make his life happy and would I be his wife?

At first I could not believe him; yet surely he could not be in sport; and I, as usual, began to cry. Then, when he tried to squeeze my hand, I drew it away, and sat, after I had recovered from my first outburst, looking red, and tearful and abashed. I felt as though Cousin Harvey, whom I loved very much, but not in that way, had really done something very rude and unkind.

To tell the truth, it was my first offer; and I wanted some more solicitations, and more flirting, before I tied myself down to any particular individual. To be an old lady at eighteen, forsooth! Indeed, I was not going to do any such thing; and I, who never kept a secret from my mother, wisely concluded, in my new dignity, that I had better not mention the matter—perhaps Cousin Harvey would prefer that I should not.

So I dressed myself as usual and went down to the parlor where mamma sat at her work.

"It seems to me that your ride was unusually short," she said, as I entered.

"Oh, it was cold and windy and forlorn, and I wanted to get home."

No reply, but a look of some surprise; such an excuse from me was unheard of. After a pause she asked: "Why didn't Harvey come in?"

"Why, I thought he was behind me, and when I turned at the door he was driving off."

Another questioning look. I felt annoyed.

But as I was expecting company—no other than the son of the wealthy banker—Mr. Poynter Smith—I speedily donned my sweetest smiles and my most enchanting manner for his benefit.

But Mr. Poynter Smith, junior, spite of being tailorized and barberized to the last degree, was undeniably commonplace in appearance, and not less so in conversation. His remarks had never seemed so trite and vapid. I was positively ashamed of him; and when he asked me to go to the theater with him and his sister on a certain evening, it was only the recollection of his great name, and great expectations, that finally led me to accept the invitation.

"Cousin Harvey Lewis is a great deal nicer. Indeed, I love him dearly!" and I began to feel very miserable again: "but I do not think I could marry my cousin; and, besides, just think of Poynter Smith's wealth! Any girl would be glad to get Poynter Smith, or Harvey Lewis either!" and my mind reverted to several of my friends who were always raving about him.

Nearly a week passed, and Cousin Harvey, who never absented himself more than two days at a time, had not made his appearance, and, worst of all, he was at the theater the night before with that horrid little Bessie Baker and her brother.

I was so angry that I could have torn her eyes out, but I pretended to be perfectly fascinated with Poynter. I wanted Harvey to see me, but I was not sure that he did. Several times I detected him looking in that direction, where upon I instantly became absorbed in Poynter. Coming out we were just a little in advance of them. I managed it so, and I was in the gayest spirits, quite convulsed with laughter, in fact, and clinging to Poynter's arm as though I loved him dearly instead of utterly despising him.

We had received invitations to a party for the next evening. I would not have stayed at home for worlds, though I had nearly cried my eyes out, and had a violent headache in consequence.

On such occasions Harvey had always been my escort; but, of course, he would take some one else now, and Poynter had asked me. I had always run down to exhibit myself to Harvey before the final wrapping up, but I could not do so for Poynter, and was as sulky as sulky could be when I presented myself.

What did I care for his old riches? I never would marry him, and he might as well find it out first as last. So, when he remarked on the beauty of the night, as we proceeded in the carriage, I declared that it was the coldest, blackest and most wretched night of the season.

An answer so full and exhaustive admitted of no reply, and there was a silence of several minutes.

Mr. Lewis was probably not to be present at the party, as he was generally my escort, was the next remark.

I was sure I did not know whether he was to be present or not! I was not kept informed of all my cousin's movements.

A silence somewhat longer than before; but Mr. Smith was not to be thwarted. He had set out with the determination to be agreeable, and slight obstacles should not discourage him.

"Mr. Lewis appears to be very attentive to Miss Baker lately," he said. "They were riding in the park on Tuesday, I noticed."

Such a pang shot through me! I had not the heart to be cross, so I merely said: "Indeed!" and coughed, and laughed, and choked, and swallowed, to keep back a burst of grief.

Of course the first person I saw on entering the room was Cousin Harvey, with Bessie Baker upon his arm; but I affected the most supreme devotion to Poynter and utterly ignored Harvey's presence. I was perfectly wild that night, dancing, flirting and laughing as though I never had a care, inasmuch as I heard a gentleman remark to another: "I think Miss Lewis is the most light-hearted creature I ever saw. What a sunbeam she must be at home."

After awhile Harvey and I met face to face, and he said "Good evening" with a careless smile and turned to his partner.

So the winter months passed and Poynter was usually my cavalier, though now that Harvey's attentions had ceased, other gentlemen began to make advances. But none of them pleased me, and Poynter disgusted me so that I could hardly treat him with necessary civility. In fact, I was often excessively rude to him, which had an effect the reverse of that desired, and his visits and attentions increased every day.

Harvey, in the meantime, was as attentive as possible to Miss Baker, and it was soon reported that they were engaged; and even I was compelled to believe it when she displayed an engagement ring.

Harvey had not been to the house since that last day, over three months ago, and now mamma and papa did not mention him. I never told them the cause of our quarrel, and they soon ceased to question me, though I could not help suspecting that they knew.

At last, one day, Poynter Smith asked me, in a stupid, blundering sort of way, if I would be his wife; whereupon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently positive, that I most assuredly would not. His surprise was immense, and he seemed to think I must have made a mistake; wanted to know if I really meant it, and said that I should have every thing I wanted. But the more he insisted the more emphatic I became, and he at length took leave, saying that if I should change my mind I must let him know.

As soon as he was gone I told mamma all about it: and then she drew from me the story, told with many tears, of Harvey's declaration, and how I spurned it, and how miserable I had been ever since: and now he was engaged to somebody else, and I would never marry any body. After sobbing a little with my head in her lap I felt a great deal better, and thought it would not be so hard to be an old maid after all. My only regret was that, old as I might consider myself, no one else could possibly consider me so for ten years yet, and yet during all that time I should be obliged to go into society.

A few days after that mamma and papa went out one afternoon to make a call and I was sitting alone in the parlor. Suddenly some one pronounced my name, and looking up I saw Cousin Harvey, who, when I sprang up in dismay, caught me in his arms.

But I shall not tell any more, save that when papa and mamma came in they found us sitting very coyly on the sofa where Harvey held me fast, though I tried hard to assume a dignified position at a distance when I heard them coming.

There were a great many explanations to be made, and it finally appeared that I had been the victim of a conspiracy.

Papa and mamma had suspected something all the time, but had known nothing for certain until my confession. Papa had immediately seen Harvey and had brought about this meeting.

As for the latter, his attentions to Miss Baker were intended solely to bring me to my senses, if I had any, as she was soon to be married to a gentleman who was then abroad.

We were married after a very short engagement; and, though my short married life has had some clouds, they have resulted, generally, from my own pettishness, and they are becoming more rare. But of this I am sure, that I never was so happy before, and am extremely gratified that I missed the very narrow escape I had of losing the man of my heart.—N. Y. World.

HOME DECORATION.

How to Obtain Very Pretty Results from Homely Materials.

A pretty design for sash curtains is developed in denim. The curtain after it is hemmed at the top and bottom should be just the length of the window from its middle to its lower sash. Trace on a strip of paper exactly as long as the width of the denim the words, "Pull me tight, shut out the light," and on another, "Pull me back, no sunshine lack." Baste these strips, one on each curtain, about an inch from the bottom. The lettering should be quaint and rustic in design. Almost any fancy store keeps the rustic alphabets now. The couplets should then be couched in white or red cord. Sew brass rings to the top of each curtain and suspend them from a brass rod. These are pretty for ground floor bedrooms or dining-rooms.

Denim also makes an effective portiere. One lately seen was made of three widths of blue denim—the light side being used for the outside. At the top and bottom hems of nine and eighteen inches were turned onto the right side and stitched—the dark on the light affording a pretty contrast. To cover the stitching a length of white cotton rope one-half inch in diameter should be couched. Instead of attaching the portiere to the pole by means of rings and pins yard lengths of rope were used. They were sewed at regular intervals to the upper edge; the ends were then thrown over the pole and securely tied, after which they were fringed. If the portiere is to be looped back rope should be used and the ends fringed to correspond. The portiere could be lined, though the one described was unlined and hung in graceful folds.—Housewife.

—"Did you use your French while you were in Paris?" asked a young woman of a friend who had just returned from a European tour. "Once or twice—but it was embarrassing." "Why?" "We nearly always had to tell what we wanted in English before we could get any one to understand us."—Merchant Traveler.

—How happy our neighbors might be if they would only do as we think they ought to do.—Boston Courier.

USES FOR WORKMEN.

Observations Made in Europe by an American Architect.

As in our own country we shall find only isolated cases where the health and comfort of the working-man have received more than a passing consideration from the employer of a large force of laborers, so in Europe we shall find the larger part of the working population living as those do who do not own their own homes. But their houses neither combine the convenience nor comforts (luxuries) of the same class of houses which the ordinary American occupies. Their houses are built in continuous blocks of from twenty to thirty each, and two or three stories high. The front is placed on the lot line, and very often the back stands on the lot line also, and opens directly into the alley. Sometimes there is a small paved yard at back. This plan admits of no shade trees to dispel the glare of the sun or grassy lawn to rest the eye. Examples of single or even semi-detached houses are rare indeed.

A two-story house usually has two rooms on the first floor and two or three on the second. In such a house, furnished in the most meager and scanty way, are frequently found two and three families, consisting of man and wife and two or three children in all stages of growth. In Manchester are many examples of four and five persons living in a single room, and if this be on the ground floor it will be paved with brick or tile, rough, uneven and broken in many places—probably a century or more old—cold, damp and uninviting. Frequently, as at Crefeld, Germany, where a large silk-weaving industry is carried on outside the regular factories by the operatives at their own homes, the same room answers the double purpose of workshop and living-room.

In the planning of such houses little attention has been given to either arrangement or convenience. The only desire seems to have been to get the greatest amount of floor space and the largest number of apartments on a given lot.

The sanitary condition of such houses can not be of a very high order and in many cases is simply deplorable. Indeed, in the better class of hotels and cafes the plumbing and sanitary arrangements are of the very poorest class, with no attempt at ventilation of closets or lavatories, nor is the supply of water in such fixtures as closets and urinals sufficient to keep them fresh and clean. The antiquated death trap commonly known as the "pan closet," long ago condemned as unfit for use in the universal closet throughout Europe. When we find such a condition in sanitary matters in buildings of the highest class, what are we to expect in those of the poorest? 'Tis not hard to imagine the condition among a class of people who seem to ignore one of the greatest of nature's laws—that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Their homes are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than ours. But this comes from the scarcity of wood and abundance of brick and stone, making a masonry construction imperative. Built of brick and stone as they are, the entire construction is very light. In Manchester were many houses in course of erection with four-inch brick partitions, joists of 2x4 and 2x6, and roof timbers as small in proportion.

The heating is done by one stove or range, which warms the whole house, and on this is done the cooking sometimes for two or more families. This is necessary to reduce the cost of heating and fuel.—G. William Nettleton, in Chicago News.

ROYAL HOUSEKEEPING.

When It Was Conducted Without Any Sort of System.

Baron Stockmar relates that the palace

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - JAN. 17, 1890.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE MEETING.

H'DQ'RS DEM. STATE CENTRAL COM.,
HARRISBURG, Jan. 7, 1890.

The Democratic State Central Committee will meet at the rooms of the Committee, Market street., Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday, January 22, 1890, at 12 o'clock noon, to elect one person to serve as Chairman of Democratic Committees, and one person to serve as Permanent Secretary of the State Central Committee, for the ensuing year; and to transact such other business as may properly be brought before the committee.

ELLIOT P. KISNER, Chairman.
BENJ. NEAD, Secretary.

The rules that relate to this meeting are the following:

RULE 1.—The Democratic Organization of the State of Pennsylvania shall consist of:

First—A Chairman of Democratic Committees, and a Permanent Secretary.

Second—A Democratic State Executive Committee, composed of nine members.

Third—A State Central Committee.

Fourth—Nine State Division Committees.

RULE 2.—The Chairman of Democratic Committees shall be, ex-officio, a member of all committees and the Acting Chairman of the Democratic State Executive and State Central Committees.

RULE 3.—The Chairman of Democratic Committees shall be elected by the Democratic State Central Committee at an annual meeting thereof to be held on the first Wednesday after the third Monday in January, at such place as may be designated by the State Executive Committee, and shall hold office for a period of one year, or until his successor shall be duly elected. Any qualified Democratic voter of the State of Pennsylvania shall be eligible to said office.

RULE 4.—The State Central Committee shall consist of one member from each county, and the Chairman of the local county organization shall be ex-officio the member of the Democratic State Central Committee from said county, provided that any county that is entitled to more than one State Senator shall have an additional member for each additional Senator, which additional member shall be elected in such manner as the local county organizations of the respective counties may determine, and provided that not more than one member of the State Central Committee shall be elected in any Senatorial district from the same county. And this committee shall elect one permanent Secretary, who shall have charge of the records of the committee and transmit the same to his successor.

RULE 5.—Members of the State Central Committee unable to attend, may for any meeting deputize in writing, substitutes to act pro tempore for them, but they must be voters in the counties and Senatorial district which their principals represent.

RULE 14. (Part of old rule No. 1) "It (referring to the State Central Committee) may at this (referring to the annual meeting in January) or subsequent meetings fix the time for the State Convention and arrange therefor."

OHIO'S Democratic Governor, James E. Campbell, was inaugurated on Monday. In his inaugural message he stands out boldly for ballot reform.

CALVIN S. BRICE, was elected to the United States Senate from Ohio, to succeed Senator Payne on Wednesday. The vote on joint ballot stood Brice 76; Foster 66; Halstead 1 and Neal 15.

THE three-year old King of Spain, who was dangerously ill for several days last week is now reported out of danger. In the old world, a royal baby with the colic produces a season of excitement only equaled in this country by a Presidential election.

THE Harrison Administration entered upon the new year with the depressing effect of nearly 11 per cent. more business failures in 1889 over those of 1888, and an increase of nearly 17 per cent. liabilities. Herein is most beautifully illustrated the "protection" to business interests which the election of Harrison was to bring about.

HON. WILLIAM D. KELLY, of Philadelphia, the oldest member of Congress and known as the "Father of the House," died in Washington on Thursday of last week. He was nearly seventy-six years old, and during the latter years of his life his general health has not been good, so that he easily fell a victim to the weakening influences of disease.

IN Chicago, on Tuesday, Judge McConnell granted a new trial to Kunze, sentenced to three years for complicity in the Cronin murder. The verdict, so far as it concerned this prisoner, is denounced as an absurdity by the Court. Kunze has been admitted to bail and may never be tried again. The other three prisoners already occupy cells in the Joliet Penitentiary.

AFTER waiting six weeks from the opening of Congress President Harrison on Tuesday sent to the Senate the nomination of Ex-Governor Henry C. Warmoth to be Collector of Customs for the port of New Orleans. Warmoth is filling that office by virtue of an appointment obtained last summer against the protests of about all the best members of the Republican party and to the disgust of Louisiana Republicans and Democrats alike.

ON Saturday at Helena, Montana, Messrs. Sanders and Powers, who were elected United States Senators by the Republican House and Senate of that State, made formal application to Governor Toole for certificates of election. Their request was denied on the ground that their election was illegal, and also because of the fact that Governor Toole had already given certificates of election to Messrs. Clark and Maginnis, elected by the Democrats.

UNDER the judicial interpretation of our Sabbatarian code in Pennsylvania, says the Philadelphia *Record*, a man may shave himself on Sunday as a work of necessity; but a barber cannot shave him on that day without committing a misdemeanor. This is a nice distinction. The man who shaves himself can work at his own beard without offense on Sunday, but the man who cannot shave himself cannot employ a barber to perform the service for him. In the one case Sunday shaving is a work of necessity, and in the other it is not a work of necessity, according to the hermeneutics of the Sabbatarian code in its latest judicial exposition.

THERE is more reason this year says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, than one usually finds in the predictions of a prosperous trade year for the country in 1890. It is true that Wall street, the financial barometer has been down pretty low within the last month or two and on at least one occasion dropped pretty nearly to the storm level. The chief reason for this was the local embarassment arising from the collapse of the trust bubble, and this had little if any effect upon the country at large. We have harvested this year the largest grain and cotton crop in our history, and its movement to the coast is now so large that the railroads can not furnish cars enough to carry it. The iron business has awakened from its two years' lethargy and is now at the height of activity and prosperity. The farmers who sell grain and cotton and cattle to Eastern men will buy goods and groceries in return and the year promises to open with a period of almost unprecedented activity in trade. Best of all, this trade is on no inflated and no speculative basis. The discouragement in Wall street has served a useful purpose of checking the speculative impulse, and there is no indication that we shall have 1873 over again. Even the abnormal and dangerous advances in land prices which have accompanied previous years of prosperity are to be expected now; for the "land boom" rose and fell before the present good times began. As for the higher rates are themselves an index of our busier trade; and if they suppress extravagant speculations then so much the better.

THE President does not allow the Blaine family to get ahead of him. The Secretary's brother was appointed Deputy Auditor the other day and now a cousin of the President, or of Mrs. Harrison, is appointed Assistant District Attorney for southern Iowa. The Springfield *Republican* says that Mr. W. C. Howell, the Presidential relative in question, is a cousin of Mrs. Harrison and says: "It has not escaped notice that Mrs. Harrison is getting more patronage than her husband. Mrs. Harrison has now in office a father, brother, cousin and niece's husband, while Mr. Harrison has only provided for his brother, nephew and brother's son-in-law." But the Sioux City *Tribune*, published in Mr. Howell's own State, speaks of him as a cousin of the President. The point is not material; the important thing is that another member of the Harrison family is getting his sustenance from the Government. Harrison's wae a great boon to the Harrisons.

IT is reported, says the Pittsburg *Post*, that the form of a treaty of extradition has been agreed upon by Minister Lincoln and Lord Salisbury, and that a copy has been received by the Canadian government for its consideration. This treaty, it is stated, is an extension of the Ashburton treaty of 1842, which included only six offenses in the list of extraditable crimes, namely, murder, piracy, arson, robbery forgery and utterance of forged paper. The new treaty takes in a great number of offenses, including "the embezzlement or larceny of any sum or article of the value of $50 or upward." This will close the doors of Canada as a harbor of refuge to many enterprising American financiers. The rogues who have got there, however, will not be disturbed, as the treaty does not apply to past offenses.

"IT is proposed says the *National Democrat*, to subsidize certain steamship lines; these run, or are to run, to the west Indies, Mexico, Central and South America. To these countries we export a considerable amount of goods, but little or no farm produce. The great bulk of our farm produce, which is itself the great bulk of our total exports, goes to Europe. Nobody proposes to subsidize steamship lines to Europe. We presume that the farmers of this country see the point. The Government will be asked this winter to pay the freight for the manufacturers, but no one has suggested that it should pay the freight for the farmers of this country. About how long do the farmers intend to stand the kind of legislation that the Republican party gives the country.

IN the House at Washington, on Monday, three reports were made by the Silcott Investigating Committee; the majority one by Chairman Adams and two minority ones by Messrs. Hemphill and Holman. The majority report is to the effect that the members are entitled to receive from the Government the monies due them that were embezzled by Cashier Silcott. Mr. Holman in his report does not acknowledge that the Sergeant-at-Arms, from whose office the money was stolen, is the disbursing officer of the House. If he is the disbursing officer, says Mr. Holman, the loss must fall on the Government, but if not, the members must bear all loss. Mr. Hemphill recommends that the matter be settled by the Court of Claims.

THE Philadelphia *Record*, is undoubtedly one of the best papers published in the United States and along with that it is one of the cheapest. It is a leader in the cause of tariff reform and has done more to educate the people to the manner in which they are being robbed by the thieves tariff than any other paper in Pennsylvania. It is bold and aggressive in its views, and does not hesitate to grapple with monopolies in any shape or form. As a newspaper, it cannot be excelled and its daily edition of over one hundred thousand is the best evidence of its being appreciated by the people. The *Daily Record*, including Sunday will be sent for $4.00 per year; every week day $3.00 per year.

IN his speech at the opening of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, the Lieutenant Governor announced, among other things, that during its session, the Legislature will be asked to pass an Act granting 100 acres of land to the father and mother of every family of 12 or more living children, born in lawful wedlock.

Baby Monarchs.

The great importance that has been attached by all the leading men in Spain to the life of the baby King illustrates the peculiar advantages possessed by a healthy male infant for the duties of a modern monarchy. Nowadays, in Europe, a King reigns, but does not govern. He is simply the symbol or embodiment of an abstract idea. He represents something fixed and tangible that does not change with the changes of government and the ups and downs of popular sentiment. The actual executive power is in the Ministry, subject to the control of the representatives of the people, and the active interference of the monarch in public business is usually resented and is likely to do mischief. An adult monarch is often tempted to such interference, but a child is not. Hence the advantage of a baby king.

In some countries the little king's sister would serve just as well. The people of Holland, for example, will be quite pleased when the young Princess Wilhelmina shall succeed to the imbecile old king. But in Spain there still are sticklers for the Salic law who do not believe in a true succession in the female line. This was the whole ground of contention of Don. Carlos, and though Alfonso came in under a title derived from his grandmother, yet his son's succession tended to establish the line against the claims of the Carlists. The reversion of the crown to a girl will be very likely to revive the pretensions of the present Don Carlos, and the monarchy in Spain is not quite strong enough to bear any serious division among its partisans.

At the same time Republican sentiment is not strong enough to do without the monarchy. The leading Republican statesmen, like Castelar, maintain that the Nation must grow accustomed to representative government and parliamentary customs before it can safely dispense with the form of fixed executive. This is what has given the Republicans also a special interest in the life of the little king, who served the purpose of a figure-head so well under the existing constitution. From their point of view, however, the little sister will do as well, the mother, the Queen Regent, being a lady of great tact and good sense who evidently holds the respect and affection of the whole people and who maintains the dignity of the Crown without meddling in affairs of government.—*Phila. Times.*

The Present Cngressional Situation.

This week's proceedings in the House of Representatives are sure to be interesting and important. The Republicans will undoubtedly take advantage of the chaotic condition that prevails, under the arbitrary and fitful code denominated "Speaker Reed's rule," to obtain incidental advantages that will promote their scheme for strengthening the majority by unseating Democratic members and giving their places to Republican contestants.

In ability and eloquence the advantage in the present House is decidedly with the Democrats. The Republicans have no one on the floor to take the place of Speaker Reed, and the Speaker, while ready to use all the power of the Chair, lacks the co-operation of a floor leader capable of carrying out his plans. Major McKinley's ability evidently does not lie in the line of Parliamentary tactics, and men of much information and experience in Congress, such as Mr. Cannon of Illinois, do not enter into parliamentary contest at this session with their accustomed energy. The dull mediocrity of Harrisonism and the utter hopelessness of Republican prospects exercise a depressing influence upon the members of the majority. These conditions may change somewhat as the session proceeds, but up to date the superiority of the Democratic side has been strikingly manifested.

The state of affairs above described is not by any means free from danger. That "pride goeth before a fall" is a maxim to be always borne in mind in the conduct of struggles in closely divided deliberative bodies. Overconfidence, based on ability and preliminary success, is an apparent Democratic danger. The future is hopeful, but it is the present with which we have to deal, and the greatest care must be taken that no point of advantage, however seemingly trifling, be lost from day to day.—*N. Y. Star.*

Judicial Outrage in Florida.

That the authority of the United States Court in Florida has been grossly perverted for partisan uses was proved in the trial of a case before Judge Swayne at Jacksonville on Wednesday.

A letter of recent date was read in evidence in which United States Marshal John R. Mizell wrote to C. C. Kirk, his deputy, to "make out a list of fifty or sixty names of tried and true Republicans from your county registration list to serve as jurors." The list was forwarded as directed, and the Federal Court is alleged to be conducted on the basis of packed juries from which all but Republicans approved by the Machine leaders are carefully excluded.

The outrage is of the most flagrant and boldest sort, but Judge Swayne seems to treat it as a trifling informality respecting which the chief difficulty is that it has been found out. The case on trial when the disclosure occurred grew out of the elections; the accused at the bar was a Democrat, and the obvious effect of the selection of a hostile partisan jury was to prevent a fair hearing and just judgment of the cause. The letter of the Marshal was, in fact, complete evidence of the greatest job of "jury fixing" on record.

The law regulating the drawing of juries is very specific in its precautions against partisan administration. The act of 1879 provides that the drawing shall be by the Clerk of the Court and a Commissioner, "a well-known member of the principal political party opposing that to which the Clerk may belong," and it further prescribes the method of their work as follows: "The said clerk and the said Commissioner each to place one name in said box alternately, without reference to party affiliations." But it appears that by the conspiracy of the Florida officials it made not the least difference in the world what was done at the statutory drawing. The lists furnished to the Clerk by the deputy Marshal, at the order of his chief, were it seems, made up of selected "tried and true Republicans." Out of such a supply only partisan jurors could be drawn, and the final selection could not be made "without reference to party affiliations," as the law requires.

This allegation of packing of United States juries is the most serious of many severe charges against the present Administration that have arisen out of recent events. Equal justice between all citizens and exact observance of the statutes designed to prevent favoritism in courts, are matters that lie close to the foundation of popular government. No contempt of them or light dealing with them can be tolerated by any honest official or any patriotic citizen.

Now let us see what steps will be taken by their proper superiors about the lawless and corrupting doings charged against the Court officials in Florida! What has Mr. Attorney-General Miller, head of the Department of Justice, to say on the subject?—*N. Y. Star.*

New Ways to Utilize the Soil.

Farmers in this country are asking how they can diversify their crops and make valuable the soil that is hardly worth the interest, the taxes and the working. In England also this question is up for debate, and answers have for some time been coming in. One is raising fruit to preserve it for home and foreign consumption. One feature of life that is increasing is the extent to which food is prepared so that it needs only a little manipulation for the table. In this way housekeeping has materially changed, and the process is going on in England even faster than in this country. For example, in Kent county 75,000 hands are employed in preparing for the market fruits in a great many ways. Where butter is dear preserved fruits are taking its place, not as a luxury, but as a common article of food, especially jam, which sells in England considerably less than butter, and is deemed a nutulious article of food. There are many ways to put the soil to use at once practicable and remunerative. Our farmers are too much inclined to stick to the beaten paths, without troubling themselves to look for new ones, or hardly thinking how their farms can be made profitable in new ways. Large towns and cities have created the demand and supplied the means for buying many things not before sold in quantities. The intelligent farmer will see for himself how this state of things has sprung up right under his nose without his having noticed it. The soil, like the metals and other raw material, may be made useful, and even profitable, in ways that have been little or not at all employed.—*Pittsburg Times.*

Twenty-foot Snow Drifts.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 14.—Severe weather is reported generally throughout the Northwest. A blizzard is raging at Beardsley Minn., the drifts being piled 20 feet high. A piercing north wind accompanied the storm. Trains and wagon traffic is at a standstill.

The first great storm of the season has struck Grand Rapids, extending all over the upper Mississippi region. At New Salem the very air was darkened by falling snow, and pedestrians could not see their hands before them. At Wabash 13 inches of snow has fallen. The highways are seriously blockaded and trains are behind time.

From Neche, N. D., comes an account of a veritable blizzard which raged for 37 hours, rendering all travel impossible through the drifts.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 14.—In yesterday's storm at Rond Island, St. Lawrence river, the Nims cottage, with contents, was blown into the river. The hotel at Alexandria bay was badly damaged. The loss along the river will amount to half a million dollars.

CLEVLAND, O., Jan. 14.—A tree blown across the Nickel Plate track near Townwood, O., last night caused the wreck of 14 cars,

CHATHAM, ONT., Jan 14.—The storm of yesterday blew a flat car out of the Ontario & Quebec railroad yard at Jeannett's Creek. The car rolled rapidly eastward until within about two miles of Chatham. There it crashed into a construction train, consisting of an engine, pushing two box cars, and drawing a box car full of laborers and a flat car. The "traveler" was hurled through the end of the box car among the helpless laborers. Sixteen men were injured, three fatally.

Policies Reversed.

In calling attention to the marked change that has taken place in the popular conception of the relation and proper functions of the government toward private affairs, Mr. Cleveland has done well. A strong party has grown up which to a greater and greater degree looks to the government, to the action of the Executive or of the Legislature, to afford relief from difficulties growing out of natural causes and germane only to individual interests—a party to which the government is a deus ex machina, supplanting the personal energy of those concerned.

Perhaps no tendency of modern civilization, in America at least, is more marked than this. To an ever increased extent appeals are made for "such practical tokens of goodness," to use the euphemism of a contemporary, as steamship subsidies. The sugar grower is equally urgent, if for political reasons less successful, in demanding a bounty as an inducement to continue the prosecution of his industry. The financial affairs of the nation are put in jeopardy and exposed to a continual menance in order to satisfy the demands of the owners of silver mines dissatisfied with the natural downward tendency in the price of their commodity due to increased production. And finally from the whole long list of those who have tasted the enervating draught of protection, who have become "dependents upon the favor of the government and beneficiaries under its taxing power," there arises a unanimous demand for that protection in steadily-increasing measure.

It is useless to attempt to gloss over these facts by calling them "certain well established and time tested principles of political economy." The phenomenon is one which may well arrest the attention of the statesman and the publicist. It marks a radical change of attitude on the part of a large share of the population toward the functions of government. The jealous preservation of private affairs from the interference of the State that was long the badge of Anglo-Saxon freedom seems to have decayed. Government is no longer regarded as something imposed by the necessity of maintaining social and political order, but as a means for the furtherance of private interests.

The Socialistic idea of a paternal government, regulating the occupations of its subjects and directing their lives, is advancing. From the extreme protectionist doctrines, involving governmental interference to adjust the relations of different interests, to create and to destroy industries as a matter of policy and not of caprice, the step is short to that socialism which merges the individual in the State not in politics alone, but in his entire existence. Purblind indeed is he who sees no contrast between this and the early days of the Republic and who derides the warning of one more far sighted as the words of a man who does not forget that he is a politician.—*Boston Post (Dem.)*

Is Consumption Incurable.

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abcess of the Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at E. James' Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's, Loretto.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malartal fevers. For cure of headache, constipation, and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle at E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Don Pedro, late emperor of Brazil is reported to be insane, occasioned by the loss of his throne and wife.

—It would be well for those just recovering from "la grippe" to stay indoors until they are entirely out of danger. Two-thirds of the cases which have proved fatal resulted from a relapse.

—A caisson of a bridge being built between Louisville and Jeffersonville, Kentucky, gave way Thursday afternoon of last week and disappeared. Only four of the eighteen men at work at the time escaped.

—Dr. Kniffin and Miss Emma Purcell, who were arrested on the charge of murdering Mrs. Kniffin, the doctar's wife, in Trenton, N. J., have been released. Well known and prominent citizens signed a bond of $20,000.

—James Bortz, residing near Macungie, Pa., one day last week took a pair of boots to a cobbler for slight repairs. He stated that he owned them for 19 years, but had used them only on Sundays and on special occasions.

—On the roof of the New York hospital building will be a garden, probably inclosed in glass, where patients can enjoy the cool breezes that blow over the housetops. Here there will be flowers, plants, an aquarium, seats and hammocks.

—Kate Connors, a servant girl in the employ of John Glenn, of second avenue, Pittsburg, was struck by the Day Express, east bound, near Soho, about 8 o'clock Friday morning and injured to such an extent that she will not recover.

—"Old Towlion," a hermit who lives in Jack's Hollow, in the mountain near Williamsport, spends his time in digging around his wretched hut in search of gold. He has dug ten holes 15 feet deep, and his place looks like a yaning graveyard.

—A railroad train of fifteen cars would be required to convey the food and nourishment which a man blessed with a moderate appetite consumes from the time of his birth to the day when he attains the age of three-score years and ten.

—At Pittston there is a man who says he was never ill a minute. He explains his good health by the fact that his mother sewed a rabbit's paw in his clothing when he was a baby, and he has never been with out it on his person ever since.

—The record of the rainfall kept by Captain Thomas R. Rodman, at New Bedford, Mass., shows the following interesting results: Average yearly rainfall for seventy-five years, ending 1888, 46.308 inches. Total for the year 1889, 52.83 inches.

—An official map of Vermont has been issued, the deserted farming tracts being painted red. The effect is brilliant in the extreme, and in an artistic sense makes the most notable contribution yet seen to the literature of the home market.

—Samuel McWilliams, of Blairsville, a brakeman on the Western Pennsylvania Railroad, fell from his train at Saltsburg, on Friday morning. One leg was cut off and theo ther badly injured. He sustained other injuries that render his recovery doubtful.

—Oh! the clothes press is a swell affair for garments nice and neat, the hay press is a grand machine and does its work complete, the cider press is lovely, with its juices rich and sweet, but the printing press controls the world and gets there with both feet.

—At Homestead, Thursday night of last week, John Drake, aged seventeen, was cleaning a revolver, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the bullet entering his mother's head back of the ear and killing her instantly. The young man is crazed with grief.

—Influenza is making fearful ravages among the striking coal miners in the Charleroi district in Belgium. The men are destitute and their families are unable to obtain proper and sufficient food. Under such circumstances the percentage of deaths among those attacked by the disease is very large.

—The heavy winds one day last week blew down one of the walls of a new Presbyterian church in Brooklyn. It fell on a three story frame building adjoining, and crushed it. The building was occupied by the Mott and Purdy families, numbering nine persons, two of whom were killed and five injured.

—Fire started on Sunday afternoon in the tower of the Monarch distillery, at Peoria, Ill., and before it was gotten under control, damage to the extent of $165,000 had been done. The loss is fully covered by insurance. At the time the fire started a violent storm was in progress, and the origin of the fire is attributed to lightning.

—An explosion of molten metal occured Friday morning at the Lucy furnace, Pittsburgh, in which one man was killed and five badly, but not seriously, injured. The man killed was Thomas Welsh, whose body was burned to a crisp. The others burned were Michael Welsh, Thomas Summerslea, John McGinnis, Harry Skillford, and John Quigley.

—A dispatch from Versailles, Ky., states that the stables belonging to Macey Bros., burned on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock, destroying thirty-five out of thirty eight horses. Among those burned was the horse Bell Boy, that was sold here at auction by Jefferson & Seaman to J. Clarke for $51 000. It is said that Clarke has refused $100,000 for this horse.

—An eastern man, not a crank, but a real live genius, wants Kalamazoo capitalists to start a plant to manufacture a sure-go-flying machine which he has patented. He showed the Chamber of Commerce how nicely his medel worked, but the memory of poor Hogan's fate made them doubt the value of the contrivance as an everyday means of locomotion.

—The final papers of the treaty between the United States and Coeur d'Alene Indians were signed at Spokane Falls, Washington Wednesday night of last week. The treaty conves 222,000 acres of the most valuable part of Coeur d'Alene reservation, embracing the largest portion of the beautiful lake of the same name and much rich mineral and fine timber land.

—Edward Harnett, of Scranton, who has been in ill health for several weeks, was greatly depressed by the death of his brother, Benjamin, on Thursday. The funeral of the latter occurred Saturday afternoon, and the former insisted on sitting at a window and watching the procession go by. When the last carriage had passed he fell from the chair with a gasp and when picked up was dead.

—As the possibility of gas wells giving out, attention is called to a well in the Titusville region, the first, in fact, from which gas was piped, and which, after a service of 18 years, is flowing as freely as ever. The people in Western Pennsylvania who have used gas for so many years, have ceased to feel alarm at the possibility of the fuel giving out, though occasionally the subject is discussed for speculative and other purposes.

—An exceedingly small and curious post-office is that which for years has been in operation at the extreme point of the cape which projects into the Straits of Magellan. It consists of a cask carefully protected and securely chained to the rocks. Passing vessels stop and take out their own letters and deposit others. But small as it is, it belongs to the whole world, and so is under the protection of the entire naval service of the globe.

—Mrs. Thomas Link, wife of the Tribes Hill hotel proprietor, at Amsterdam, N. Y., whose throat was cut by her husband on Saturday night, is still alive, but no hopes for her recovery are entertained. Monday morning Mrs. Link's aged mother, who is heart-broken over the tragedy, attempted to commit suicide by hanging herself in an outbuilding. She was about to place the rope around her neck when discovered by people from the hotel. The coroner held an inquest over the body of Link, who killed himself after cutting his wife's throat.

—A Hartford, Van Buren county, Mich., man who went West some years ago got into trouble and the California Penitentiary at the same time, and to save his family the disgrace caused somebody to write to Michigan that he had been shot and scalped by Indians. This would have made it all right if he had stayed dead, but a few days ago, while his widow was getting her trousseau ready to marry a decent man, the villain spoiled everything by getting out of prison and writing home to ask for his family.

—On last Friday afternoon, at Chicago, Attorneys Wing, Donahoe and Forest filed a motion for a new trial in the cases of Coughlin, Burke, O'Sullivan and Kunze, convicted of the murder of Dr. Cronin. The motion assigns thirty-nine causes of error in the ruling of Judge McConnell during the trial of the case. The grounds of alleged error embraces every point contested by the attorneys for the defense and over ruling the motion to quash the indictments to the assertion that the defense has, since trial, discovered new evidence which entitled them to a new trial.

—On Mouday the wind reached a velocity of 45 miles an hour and the temperature dropped from 60 degrees to below the freezing point at Cleveland, Ohio. Telephone, telegraph, fire alarm and electric wires were mixed in the wildest confusion. Two guy cables that held the 250 foot electric light mast in the public square in position broke. The mast swayed wildly in the wind, and it became necessary to stop traffic in the adjacent streets for several hours to prevent accident in case the mast should fall. The roofs were torn off two school buildings, trees blown down and signs carried away, but no one was injured.

—As Herman Singletary, a farmer, was driving to Akron, Ohio, on last Friday morning, he was approached from behind by a man on horseback, who after calling out, "You are the man who killed my chum," fired two shots and then fled. One of the balls passed through Singletary's hat and the other grazed his coat sleeve. On New Year's night a burglar entered Singletary's house and stole $27. As the thief was leaving Singletary fired several shots at him and the fellow cried out as if hit, but he made his escape. It is thought that the burglar must have died afterward and that he was the man whom Singletary's assailant was attempting to avenge.

The Storm.

Sunday night's storm at Clinton, Ky., resulted in a frightful loss of life. The tornado passed north of New Madrid, Mo., crossing the river near a point opposite Moscow, thence northwest to Clinton and Wiciffe. The path of the storm was about a quarter of a mile wide and left a track of fallen timber through the section of forest it passed before reaching Clinton. The first house struck in Clinton was the section house of the Illinois Central Railroad, occupied by Mr. John Rhodes and family. The house was torn to splinters, and Mr. Rhodes and two children were killed outright. His wife and one child escaped death, but are both dangerously hurt.

The house of Mr. John Gaddles was blown down, and afterward Gaddles was found under the debris with an infant in his arms. Gaddles was dead, but the child was not hurt. The house of Robert Johnston, which stood on the brow of the hill, seemed to divide in half, cutting in two just below the second floor and letting the upper portion fall in its place. Mr. Johnston was in a lower room and the up per part fell on him, pinning him to the earth with a joist across his back. His moans attracted attention and he was rescued badly injured.

His son Robert was up stairs and was dangerously hurt by falling timbers. Although suffering intense agony he begged his rescuers to let him alone and help some one who could live. His brother David was badly hurt.

ST. LOUIS, January 13.—All along the path of last evening's terrible storm, large crowds congregated this morning to view the ruins. The house No. 922 Mound street, a two story brick where three people were killed, was surrounded by an immense throng, who gazed on the scene of desolation with feelings akin to awe. This house was totally demolished.

Matthew McCollum, who occupied the first floor, was buried beneath the debris and was taken out dead a few minutes after the storm passed. Mrs. Connors with two daughters, and a neighbor's boy and girl, named respectively Joe and Ida Weaver, were on the second floor. Mrs. Connors and the Weaver boy were instantly killed and their bodies dug out of the wreck by the firemen.

All along the route of the storm bricks were torn off the outside of the buildings and carried for blocks and dashed into the windows, in many instances injuring those who chanced to be sitting within reach. The number of buildings which were damaged will probably reach 156, with loss ranging all the way from $100.000 to $200,000.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., January 13.—A cyclone struck this place to-day and the wind attained a velocity of 90 miles an hour, carrying everything before it. The greatest sufferers are the Canada Web Company. The wind struck the northwest gable of their 56x90 foot two story factory, of which the wind had full sweep in its greatest fury, tearing the roof from the brick walls and tumbling the north and west walls in upon 150 girls, who were employed in winding bobbins for looms, in the upper story. All escaped except Alice Dickout, aged 15, who was in and manager of the company knowing that the girl had not escaped, rushed upstairs in the building, which was tumbling down around him, rescued the girl from the debris and carried her down stairs. The girl was found to have one leg broken and to be badly bruised about the body.

The Proprietors

Of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

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GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPOT.

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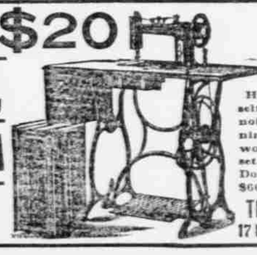

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The Cambria Freeman,

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

THE SUN

FOR

1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

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Daily, per year,	6.00
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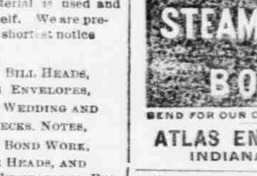

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ADVERTISERS by addressing GEO. P

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EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 17, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

"If this isn't influenza
Then what the mischief is it?
It seems that I grow denser
After every doctor's visit,
He says it's imagination,
And that I can't have caught it,
But it's over all creation
And everybody's got it."

—Owners of ice houses are uneasy about securing a crop this winter.

—The boy who got a new pair of skates for a Christmas gift is feeling awful bad.

—Mr. Ed. Luther has been confined to the house for several days with the "grippe."

—Mr. Hiram McGuire, of Clearfield township, spent a few hours in town on Thursday.

—Some of our subscribers have had the "grippe" on their pocketbooks for several years.

—Several members of the family of Millard Good, of this place, are laid up with the grip.

—Ex-Prothonotary Shoemaker has been on the sick list for several days with "la grippe."

—Blair county's expense for poor and lunatics for 1889, was between $12,000, and $13,000.

—E. R. Dunagan, Esq., of St. Augustine, spent a couple of days in town during the present week.

—A wildcat, weighing twenty-three pounds, was killed a few days ago by a Clearfield county hunter.

—The residents of Altoona are agitated over the location of a proposed high school, and lawsuits are talked of.

—A man may save money by shaving himself, but then think of the vast amount of valuable information he loses.

—Mr. Felix O'Neill, one of Munster township's oldest and best citizens, was among the visitors to our office on Tuesday.

—Messrs. A. V. Barker, M. D. Kittell and Alvin Evans, well-known attorneys of this place, are all laid up with the "grippe."

—Editor Swank, of the Johnstown *Tribune*, who was seriously ill last week, is, we are glad to say, reported improving.

—Col. John S. Miller, proprietor of the Blair House, went to Huntingdon on Tuesday for the purpose of visiting sick relatives.

—During the past four days 839 people died in New York City, the largest number of deaths since it was visited by the cholera.

—The Republican papers are all trying to oblige Quay by getting in early for Delaware. Nothing like getting in before a storm.

—Mrs. Katie Durbin, widow of ex-Sheriff Durbin, of Munster township, is lying very ill at her home in that township with but little hopes for her recovery.

—For sale or rent—a frame dwelling house in the East ward of Ebensburg, containing seven rooms, is for sale or rent. For further particulars enquire of Henry Byrne.

—The Philadelphia *Times* almanac for 1890 is on our table and like all its predecessors is a valuable book for reference. Everybody should have the *Times* almanac.

—We acknowledge receipt of a ticket to the Florida International and Semitropical Exposition, which opened at Ocala, Fla., January 15th, and will continue until April 1st.

—After the 31st of the present month, 5 per cent. will be added to the amount of the school and borough tax for the borough of Ebensburg. Pay your taxes and save 5 per cent.

—School room No. 1, of this place, was closed this (Thursday) morning until Monday owing to the illness of Miss Allie Lloyd, the teacher, who is laid up with the influenza.

—Township supervisors who neglect to put up "finger boards" at the intersection of roads subject themselves to a fine of $10. The law is being enforced in several counties.

—The Poor Directors of Blair county after several meetings, which ended without results, on Wednesday re-appointed Philip Young as Steward of the Blair county almshouse.

—It is said that as the first twelve days of January are, so will be the weather of the entire year. If this is true we will have a wet year during 1890. How do you like the prospect?

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—If you want to keep out of the law's grip, honest farmer friend, never sign your name to any paper presented by a comparative stranger. The land is full of heartless knaveries.

—This (Thursday) morning the ground is white with snow and the whistling wind is threatening weather. It will take considerable snow however, to cover up the mud and make sleighing.

—A meeting of the citizens of Jackson township, who are in favor of building a turnpike along Hinston's Run, to Johnstown, will be held at Vinco, January 25th, at 3 o'clock p. m.

—The regular annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Editorial Association will be held in the parlor of the Lochiel Hotel, Harrisburg, Wednesday, January 22d, at 2 o'clock p. m.

—On Monday night a passenger train while passing Shelton, Westmoreland county, struck Patrick O'Rork and Edward Wright, instantly killing the former and seriously injuring the latter.

—Frank Derr, who four years ago escaped from the Indiana jail where he was doing time for illegal liquor selling walked into the Sheriff's office in that place a few days ago and gave himself up.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—The Court at Bellefonte, after hearing both sides, Monday refused to postpone the trial of Alfred Andrews to the April term for the murder of pretty Clara Pence, near Kartaus, on the 21st of November last.

—The most money ever won by a trotter was that earned by Goldsmith Maid, she winning very nearly half a million. In doing this she won 322 heats in better than 2:30, a record which no other animal ever made.

—A due bill in favor of Jacob Knauer for nine dollars and twenty-two cents was found in Ebensburg a few days ago. If Mr. Knauer calls at this office and pays for this notice he will be told where he can get the due bill.

—Judge Johnston and Jury Commissioners Buck and Evans have been at work this week filling the jury wheel. They are putting seven hundred names in the wheel and will be ready to draw the jury for March term to-day (Friday).

—The borough and township elections will be held on Tuesday the 18th of February next. Already the man who is being "urged by his neighbors" to be a candidate is around among his friends informing them of the fact.

—Brakeman Samuel McWilliams met with an accident at Greensburg a few days ago which will probably cost him his life. He was thrown under a train and one leg cut off and the other badly injured. He also received internal injuries.

—If you have symtoms of la grippe, smoke gum camphor. Put a little tobacco and a good deal of finely cut camphor, in a pipe, light it and puff for all there is in it. It is not unpleasant, but it may make you a little sick, still it will bring the answer.

—Mr. D. C. Wetzel, the veteran wagon-maker formerly of Carrolltown, but now of Gallitzin, passed through town on Monday on his return from a visit to the former place and of course dropped in to see the FREEMAN. We are always glad to see him.

—The mangled body of Charles N. Arnadt, of Newport, Perry county, Pa., was found on the railroad track in the deep cut west of the BO office in Altoona on Monday night. The deceased had been working in Johnstown and it is supposed that he fell from a freight train.

—Dr. A. Griffith and wife, of this place, will leave to-day (Friday) for Florida, where they will spend the balance of the winter on their orange grove near Ocala. We wish the Doctor and his wife a pleasant sojourn in the land of flowers and a safe return to Ebensburg.

—A rose bush on the farm of Mr. John Naly, near Manor station, is out in full leaf. A honeysuckle vine at the residence of W. F. Caruthers, Esq., at Irwin is about to bloom, while Ephriam Wilson, of the same place, has peach trees out in full blossom.—*Greensburg Argus*

—Minnesota has passed an act to prevent the practice of fraud by tree peddlers in the sale of nursery stock. Peddlers from other States before being allowed to sell must file an affidavit with the Secretary of State of Minnesota that they are all right, and enter into $2,500 bonds to the same effect.

—Allentown has a girl to be proud of. A few nights ago she ate fourteen fried oysters, two pieces of bread, three pickles, two pieces of red beets, two oranges, two apples, three bananas, two pieces of chocolate cake, a piece of fruit cake, a lot of grapes, a piece of cocoanut cake and some candy, and—lived.

—Walker Blaine, examiner of claims of the State Department, and eldest son of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, died at the family residence in Washington, on Wednesday evening. He had been ill only a few days and his death was caused by acute pneumonia, superinduced by an attack of grip.

—Col. John A. Lemmon, of Hollidaysburg, on Wednesday plucked from his farm East of Summit, known as the "Stone House," an elder stalk upon which there was open buds. This on top of the Alleghenies, in the middle of January, is something that the oldest resident has not before heard of.

—Messrs. P. F. Brown, William Kimball and Joseph Brown, of this place, on Monday purchased the livery stock and leased the stable of Messrs. O'Hara & Davis, for a term of three years. Messrs. Brown & Kimball will make an enterprising and accommodating livery firm and we wish them success in their new venture.

—Commissioner Raum, of the Pension Office, has had an examination made of the files of the office and finds that there are now pending in the Pension Bureau 469,516 unadjudicated claims classed as follows: Invalid claims, 182,955; widows' claims, 75,360; invalid increase claims, 196,776; widows increase and accrued claims, 2,415.

—Landlord Esterline, of the Mountain House, has been expecting a coach dog by express for a couple of months, and it had become a sort of a "chestnut" to ask the host of the Mountain House to show you his dog. The dog, a handsome one, arrived on Tuesday and unless you have the time to spare to inspect the critter don't ask him to see the dog. He has the dog at last and can prove it.

—A large flow of gas was struck a few days ago in a well drilled on a farm near Delmont, Westmoreland county. The roar of the escaping gas badly frightened the people of the neighborhood, and especially those in the immediate vicinity of the well. So fierce was the output that the rope was torn into shreds and the derrick hurled into the air. From what we can learn, it is believed to be the greatest gasser in that section of the county.

—Jack Sullivan was seriously stabbed in the right side at Uniontown, on Tuesday night by Hugh McGrann with a big sailor knife. The two arrived from Latrobe last week and had been loafing around and drinking together. Trouble occurred between them near the market house, and McGrann pulled out his knife and thrust it into Sullivan and ran. McGrann hid during the night and was captured the next morning just below town. McGran was committed to jail for trial.

—A farmer named Anderson lives in Mercer county, this State, and also has a farm in Lawrence county, that he has rented. He had some sheep killed on his Lawrence county farm and although the appraisers have assessed the damages at fifteen dollars he has not received anything for his sheep. Lawrence county refuses to pay the bill because Mr. Anderson resides in Mercer county, and Mercer county refuses to pay the bill because the sheep were killed in Lawrence county, and so the case stands.

—Engine No. 1856, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, has just accomplished a remarkable feat in railroading, making eight trips between Philadelphia and Harrisburg without once drawing fires. This was done with an improved Reagan grate and the feat shows a great saving of time and material. With an ordinary grate it would have been necessary to build fires at the end of each trip and to have cleaned fires twice on the road during each trip. Railroaders look upon the runs as a wonderful thing.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

—A Mrs. Brocius was injured by a fall on a dangerous sidewalk in front of a property in Brookville, owned by Richard Arthurs, and having sued the borough recovered a verdict of $5,000. The borough then sued Arthurs to recover back the amount of the verdict recovered against it, and which it was compelled to pay. The case was taken to the Supreme Court and Mr. Justice Sterrett has delivered an opinion reversing the judgment of the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson county, stating that in such case the property owner is liable and sends the case back for a new trial.

—Judge Swartz, of Norristown, lately decided that a farm laborer whose duties included grooming the farm horses, cannot recover for injuries sustained by being kicked by one of the horses which he was cleaning, the employe having knowledge that the horse was vicious, and no knowledge of the viciousness of the animal on the part of the employer having been proved. He also decided that a farm laborer, being hired for a fixed term, cannot recover wages for the period during which he was incapacitated to perform his duties by reason of sickness caused by injuries received in the course of his employment.

—Mrs. Susan Rhey of this place, is seriously ill.

—Our lumbermen are getting uneasy about hauling weather. The oldest inhabitants say we have had no such open Winter since 1843.

—The members of the Ebensburg Amateur Opera Company on Wednesday night presented their efficient manager, H. H. Myers, Esq., a fine gold-headed cane, with the inscription: "H. H. Myers, from E. A. O. Co."

—Mr. F. Barker Chairman of the Republican County Committee, has issued a call for a County Convention to be held at Ebensburg on Monday January 27, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention. The delegate election will be held on Saturday January 25th.

—George A. Kinkead, and Joseph Griffin, two members of the board of County Auditors are laid up with the grip. Mr. Kinkead has been unable to be present at the settlement during the present week and Mr. Griffin was compelled to go home on Wednesday. We hope however, that they will both be able to go to work on Monday next.

—A team belonging to ex-Sheriff Gray, of Carrolltown, that was hitched to a post in front of the residence of ex-Prothonotary Shoemaker, in this place, broke loose on Tuesday afternoon and ran down to Brown & Kimball's livery stable. The buggy to which the team was hitched caught on a post before going far and was left behind, and barring the breaking of a single tree was but little injured. The horses were not hurt.

—Mr. Celestine Strittmatter, of Carroll township, while on his way from Ebensburg to Carrolltown on Monday last with a wagon load of grain was thrown from the wagon by the wheels getting into a rut, one of which passed over his arm, breaking it near the shoulder. The accident happened near the house of Mr. David H. Jones, where Mr. Strittmatter was compelled to stop for a couple of days, when he was able to return home.

—"Whisky and quinine is the best thing to stave it off," says the saloonkeeper. "Keep it out of your house by using plenty of coal and having your rooms well heated," says the coal dealer. "Let me sell you some antipyrine for it," said the druggist. "Tinted glasses will relieve the pain in the head," hints the oculist. "Keep well wrapped up," is the advice of the clothier. "And above all things," urges the physician, "don't take any quack remedies, but get a doctor to prescribe for you at once."

—A private telegram from New York to Huntingdon, on Wednesday evening conveyed the information that Hon. R. Milton Speer, of Huntingdon is dying in that city. Mr. Speer, who had been ill for some time was taken to New York on Friday last for medical treatment and was placed under the care of an eminent physician of that city. He was suffering from nervous prostration and the disease baffled all medical skill. Mr Speer, was elected a member of Congress from this district a few years ago over Hon. Daniel J. Morrell now deceased.

—Peter Rader, a resident of Cambria City, committed suicide by shooting himself in the forehead with a thirty-two calibre revolver on Monday morning. Rader had been drinking heavily of late and on Monday morning when his wife called him about 9 o'clock did not get up. Shortly after she heard a shot up stairs and upon going up found her husband lying on the bed with a bullet hole through his forehead, from which the blood was flowing on the bed clothes. He died in a few minutes after. Rader was thirty-eight years of age, born in Germany, and leaves a wife but no children.

—Morrellville was the scene of a shooting on Saturday evening that came near ending in the death of Ed. Ream, who now has two bullet wounds in consequence of his participation in the disgraceful affair. The trouble started in front of Frank Lecky's saloon, on Fairfield avenue but the scene of the trouble was soon changed to a restaurant about sixty yards distant. Ream first got a ball in his leg and soon after one in his breast. The name of the man who did the shooting is Eager. There is the usual number of conflicting reports as to how the thing happened, but it would appear that all concerned had been drinking too much.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—While on a relic-hunting expedition on Sunday, a lad named Edward Wagoner found a bunch of keys, a spoon, and a revolver. There were four keys in the bunch, and they were attached to a ring on which there was also a plate with the name of Mrs. H. M. Ogle engraven on it. The keys had the appearance of having been in fire. They were found on the west bank of the Stonycreek, a short distance above the stone bridge. The place of finding and the appearance of the keys would seem to indicate the horrible possibility that Mrs. Ogle was among those who were imprisoned in the burning wreckage. These are the only traces ever found of Mrs. Ogle.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—About a week ago Humane Agent Cline, of this place made information against Godfrey Johnson, of Latrobe, for cruelty to animals. Johnston lives below Bakers Hill, near the Brown Row and keeps several cows. He allowed them to stand in the stable knee deep in manure and this led to his arrest. There were three cows and a fine of $10 for each cow was imposed, but Cline only kept $10, returning the balance. Mrs. Johnson, who is low minded, brooded over the trouble, until Sunday morning she went to the stable and hung herself. The children found her and Johnston ran out and cut her down. On Monday morning she made another attempt but was again unsuccessful. It is feared she has become insane and will have to be taken away.—*Greensburg Record.*

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Pittsburg, have been compelled to refuse freight for the seaboard buring the past few days on account of the grip. On one division where 200 conductors, freight and passenger, are regularly employed, 135 were off duty at one time with the grip. New men were put on some of the trains, but in the majority of the cases it was impossible to get new men, and when they were secured they proved to be more easy victims of the grip than the old men. Freight began to collect on the Eastern division to such an extent that a few days ago an order was issued to send no more freight for seaboard points until further notice. There was a blockade of freight at Altoona, due to the fact that the trainmaster was unable to get out full crews, and only about half the usual amount of freight could be handled.

High Water Again.

The unexpected heavy rainfall yesterday (Wednesday) morning produced quite a rise in the rivers here. Again the people were afraid some of the bridges would go. It was not Lincoln Bridge this time, however, but the other temporary structures. Hoover, Hughes & Company had men at all the temporary bridges, guiding the drift so that it would not lodge against or strike the supports, which, in some cases, are quite frail.

At the Gautier Works some of the departments were obliged to shut down owing to the water's coming into the pits of the fly-wheels.

At the gauge on the stone bridge yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock the water was nine feet deep.

The Cambria City bridge was thought to be in danger in the afternoon, but it withstood the current.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

Important Events In 1890.

For the year 1890 the days and dates of important events, anniversaries and holidays will fall as follows: Epiphany, Monday, January 6th; Septuagesima, Sunday, February 2nd; St. Valentine's Day, Friday, February 14th; Shrove Tuesday, (Fastnacht,) February 18th; Ash Wednesday, February 19th; Washington's Birthday, Saturday, February 22nd; First Sunday in Lent, February 23rd; St. Patrick's Day, Monday, March 17th; Palm Sunday, March 30th; Good Friday, April 4th; Easter Sunday, April 6th; Low Sunday, April 13th; Rogation Sunday, May 11th: Ascension Day, (Holy Thursday,) May 15th; Pentecost, (Whit Sunday,) May 25th; Decoration Day, Friday, May 30th; Trinity Sunday, June 1st; Corpus Christi, Thursday, June 5th; St. John's Day, Tuesday, June 24th; Independence Day, Friday, July 4th; Michaelmas Day, Monday, September 29th; First Sunday in Advent, November 30th; Christmas, Thursday, December 25th.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Lieut. Hugh Jones Camp, No. 227, Sons of Veterans, January 9 1890, the following resolutions of respect to Edward J. Lilly, who was a charter member of the Camp were adopted:

WHEREAS, For the first time in the history of our Camp, it has pleased our Almighty Father, in His infinite wisdom to remove from our Camp our highly esteemed comrade, Edward J. Lilly; and therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our worthy comrade, who was taken from us in the prime of life, we deeply mourn his loss. We unite in extending to his bereaved parents and relatives our heartfelt sympathies, knowing that God's will is done.

Resolved. That as a token of love and respect to the memory of our deceased comrade, the charter of our Camp be draped in mourning for a space of thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his parents and entered on the minutes of this Camp and published in the CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

R. DAVISON,
R. SCANLAN,
J. B. MCBREEN,
} Com.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt, and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, January 15, 1890:

William H. Lloyd and Abbie A. Bowers, Susquehanna township.

A. W. Green and Jennie Douglass, Chest Springs.

John Harlin and Mary Keesda, Cambria.

Charles E. Sahusbaugh, Blacklick township, and Mary A. Kaylor, East Taylor township.

Mathias Laszki, Conemaugh borough, and Mary Hershberger, Franklin.

Theodore Cover Johnstown, and Nettie Meltenberger, Conemaugh township, Somerset county, Pa.

Henry Maley, Millville, and Catharine Gillen, West Taylor township.

Edwin Burkhart and Lucinda S. Snyder, Jackson township.

John W. Cupple, Johnstown, and Ella Black, Ebensburg.

Hugh Hand and Mary Fogarty, Frugality.

Henry Viering, Johnstown, and Barbara Shenkel, Upper Yoder township.

Smith Bollman and Emma Kimmel, Johnstown.

John G. Griffith and Martha Evans, Cambria township.

Vick's Floral Guide.

We have received from James Vick Rochester, N. Y., his *Floral Guide*, which in beauty of appearance and convenience of arrangement surpasses anything in this line which we have ever had the privilege of seeing before. It is a pamphlet eight by ten inches in size, and with the covers, which are by no means the least important part of it, contains an even one hundred pages. Although called a "floral guide," it is devoted to vegetables as well, and includes a full a list and description of both flowers, vegetables and also small fruits as could be brought within the compass of a book of this size.

In all that the Vicks have undertaken their aim seems to have been to attain as near to absolute perfection as possible, and probably no one ever did so much towards bringing the cultivation of flowers to the high standard which it has now attained as did the head of this firm.

The firm takes the same pride in raising choice vegetables as in developing attractive varieties of flowers, and after using their seeds for a number of years we are able to recommend them in the highest terms.

We advise all our readers to send 10 cents for the *Guide* (which can be deducted from first order); and if there are any of our lady friends who can succeed in growing a natural rose which will compare in beauty with the New Striped Rose shown in the illustration, we should like to recive an invitation to call and see it.

Good Roads.

In his message to the New York Legislature, Governor Hill, in speaking of roads and of the unsatisfactory condition of the country roads in that State makes the following suggestions:

"It has been suggested that the State should proceed to construct through every county two highways running in different directions and intersecting each other in about the center of the county—such roads to form a part of a complete general system, those in each county to connect with those of adjoing counties, and to be known everywhere as State roads, constructed, cared for and maintained at the expense of the State at large, under the direction and supervision of the State Engineer or Surveyor, or other competent authority to be designated. This system, when once completed, would enable a person to start from New York City, Albany, or any other point, on foot or in carriage, and visit every county in the State without once leaving the State roads, thus insuring comfort, convenience, pleasure and speed. These roads should be macadamized or constructed of crushed stone or other suitable material, with proper culverts, good bridges, adequate drainage, watering troughs and sign boards, so as to compare favorably with the best country roads of other coutries, and existing highways could be utilized for this purpose so far as feasible"

Why Continue.

The use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids Ely's Cream Baim, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

—All kinds of job work neatly executed at this office. Give us a call.

Explanation of Weather Charts.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY.

The Signal Officer has decided to distribute as widely as possible the daily weather charts, in order that the intelligent part of every community may utilize them by making special and local weather predictions, and thus supplement the official forecasts, which, being for large areas of country, must necessarily be brief and very general in their character. In order to supplement the knowledge of those who are unacquainted with the general accepted meteorological methods, a few words of explanation are considered advisable.

Storms are divided into two general classes, one in which a deficiency of pressure occurs, commonly known as "low" and another which appears in the form of an area of excessive pressure, and which is briefly known as "high."

In order to show clearly the atmospheric pressure, the points having an equal pressure are connected by lines called isobars, which are drawn for every tenth of an inch. These isobars show that the atmospheric pressure over the earth along the line is equal to that which would be exercised by a layer of pure mercury of a thickness corresponding to the number of inches marked against the isobar.

Low areas travel across the United States by diverse paths—the average direction being a little to the north of east—with a velocity of about five hundred miles each twenty-four hours. The winds blow contrary to the movement of the hands of a watch, spirally inward towards the area of lowest pressure, and their strength and violence are proportioned to the difference of pressure and temperature, which on these maps are indicated by the crowded condition of isobars and isotherms. The low area preceded by cloudy weather and rain, which sometimes extend many hundred miles in advance of the center. It is also preceded by temperature quite high for the season, except in very hot weather, when the temperature, although higher by night, is lower by day owing to cloudiness. As a general rule easterly and southerly winds are found in front of low areas. When the low area passes a place the winds shift into northerly or westerly, rain soon ceases, and fair weather shortly after follows.

High areas generally follow low areas. About one-half of them move eastward from Minnesota to New England, affecting the northern half of the United States; the others move first southward in the trans-Mississippi country to Texas, then drift eastward with the general circulation of the air, thus affecting the whole country. These high areas frequently advance with sufficient force and persistency to cause winter storms of severity and violence. The circulation of the winds is reverse to that in low areas, as the current blows out spirally from the center, in a direction corresponding to the movement of the hands of a watch. With the advancing high areas the temperature falls and the weather usually clears, especially in summer, when the "highs" are rarely of sufficient force to cause storms. When a high area is moving off the Atlantic coast, with its center over New England or the Saint Lawrence Valley, it frequently occurs that the northeasterly winds of such area bring rain and cloudiness along the New England and Middle Atlantic coasts. In the winter time the advance of high areas is often marked by very severe falls of temperature, which occasionally amount to twenty-five or thirty degrees in twenty-four hours. Whenever the temperature falls more than fifteen degrees in twenty-four hours and sinks below forty-five degrees, as happens at times with high areas, it is called a cold wave. The paths of high areas are also easterly, in general.

A. W. GREELY,
Chief Signal Officer.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of David Sutton, late of Clearfield township, in the county of Cambria, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN C. SUTTON,
JAMES T. SUTTON,
Administrator of David Sutton, deceased.
Clearfield twp., Dec. 30, 1889.-6t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the firm of the Lilly Merchandise Company, Limited, doing business at Lilly, Cambria county, Pa., has been changed by the retirement from the firm of Adam Smith. The business in the future will be carried on under the same name but the firm will consist of Francis Bradley, Robert Smith, Daniel J. Brown and Thomas A. Bradley.

FRANCIS BRADLEY,
ROBERT SMITH,
DANIEL J. BROWN,
THOMAS A. BRADLEY.
ADAM SMITH.

Jan. 3, 1890.-3t

NOTICE.—I have this day purchased the following property of C. J. Duncan of Fiske, Cambria county, Pa., and have left the same in C. J. Duncan's charge, and I hereby forbid any person or persons from interfering with said property: Two hundred and fifty thousand white pine 24 inch shingles, being about equal amounts of No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, now at my mill situate on the Ranstead lands; also a boiler, engine and shingle mill located on the Ranstead lands in Cambria county; also one team of horses, spreaders, single-trees, and butt chains belonging to said team; also one two horse Conklin wagon; also one Champion mowing machine and one hay rake and camp stove; also 40 pairs of camp blankets; also three cows and two yearlings, three spring calves, and four pigs; also thirty tons of hay, and fifty bushel of corn; also one plow and harrow and all other farming implements; also four pair of bob sleds, and one buzzy. The above enumerated property is now on my farm and is left there subject to my pleasure and removal. JOHN W. HUCK,
1613 Vine street, Williamsport, Pa.

Jan. 3, 1890.-3t.

FARM FOR SALE.

There will disposed of at private sale a farm known as the William Ivory farm situated in Clearfield township, one half mile from Chest Springs, containing

76 ACRES 76

More or less, thirty acres of which are cleared, and well watered and the rest of the land is well timbered with Hemlock, Chestnut, Maple and Beech. For further particulars call on or address MRS. LINCOLN CONRAD.
Chest Springs, Jan. 3, 1890. 2mo.

This Space Reserved for

SIMON :-: BROS,

Gallitzin's Only Live Merchants.

Established 1856.

Jos. Horne & Co.

PENN AVE. STORES.

There are
Mail Order Departments
claiming to afford
the same advantages
to out of town buyers
that ARE afforded by
OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Ours has proven its claim;
others have not.
None can offer greater advantages; few as good or as many.

Advantage of
an unlimited stock
of medium and fine

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS.

Hundreds and hundreds of styles plain and fancy Dress Goods, from 25c to $4 a yard, in every weave and color of the choicest wool fabrics. Black Dress Silks, 50c to $4 a yard.
Brocade Black Silks, $1 to $7.50.
The best "Guinet" $1 Black Silk ever sold. Worth $1.50 at least.
Just as complete stocks in all lines of Dry Goods.

Entire stock in the Cloak Department
REDUCED.
Catalogue mailed free upon request.
Where prices are lower than the Catalogue quotes, you get the benefit, invariably, as if you shopped personally. Get the Cloak Catalogue.

Jos. Horne & Co.'s,
609-621 Penn Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, his wife, of Summerhill township, Cambria Co., Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, bearing date the 23rd day of November, A. D., 1889, have assigned to Jesse H. Dimond, of the like residence, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of, the said John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, all the estate, real and personal, of them the said John and Lucinda P. McCormick. All persons indebted to the said John and Lucinda P. McCormick, or either of them, will make immediate payment to the said assignee, or those having claims or demands against them, or either of them, will present the same without delay.

JESSE H. DIMOND,
Ebensburg, Dec. 18, '89, 6t.- Assignee.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Estate of Lewis Burgoon, deceased. Letters testamentary in the estate of Lewis Burgoon, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement, to

MARY JANE BUCOON,
Executrix of Lewis Burgoon, dec'd.
Ashville, Pa., Dec. 19, 1889.-6t.

FOR SALE.—House and 5 to 8 acres of land in Summerhill township, known as the Alex Fresh property. Inquire of

THOMAS GRIFFITH,
Jan. 3, 1890,-1m. Ebensburg, Pa.

EXPOSITION AT PITTSBURG

OPENS SEPT. 4th. CLOSES OCT. 19th

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

HOPPER BROTHERS. & CO.

Extend to you a hearty invitation when you visit the City to call and examine our stock of

BEDROOM FURNITURE, PARLOR FURNITURE.
CARPETS, LACE CURTAINS,
DINING AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.
BEDDING STOVES AND RANGES.

We furnish everything that pertains to the proper fitting of a house at lower prices than can be had elsewhere in the City.

WE ARE NEAR THE EXPOSITION.

Cars from the B. & O. and P. R. R. Depots pass our Doors. Will gladly give any information necessary.

Hooper Bros. & Co., 307 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

Carrolltown, Penn'a.

Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, complete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boots and Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be excelled anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the very lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarantee satisfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you for past favors we are Respectfully Yours,

ECKENRODE & HOPPEL,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

AT YOUR SERVICE

With the best line of Overcoats in Philadelphia for Men, Youths and Children. No matter what kind of an Overcoat you want you will find it here, made in our well-known reliable way, at the lowest prices.

A. C. Yates & Co.,
SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.
PHILADELPHIA.

WINTER RESORTS

TEXAS AND MEXICO

Mild Climate, Summer Breeze, pure Air, Absolutely Rainless Winter. Quickest Time to the City of Mexico via the

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only one change via Laredo, Eagle Pass or El Paso. Winter Tourist Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Principal Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

4 DAYS St. Louis to the City of Mexico via the TEXAS

W. G. TOWNSEND, G. P. & T. AGT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
Office in Oclonnade Row.

THE FREEMAN has the largest circulation. Advertise in it and be benefited.

CANCER and Tumors CURED no knife; book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & SON, No. 163 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

Southern Sea Birds.

Suppose you are in an Indiaman outward bound. After passing through the tropics and out of the influence of the trade winds, your aim is to get down south as soon as possible into the latitude of the belt of westerly winds which extends from about 45 degrees to the South Pole. This is the region where albatrosses, Cape hens and Cape pigeons abound. The pigeons meet you long before the others make their appearance. Nothing is easier than to catch them if the vessel is becalmed.

In shape and size they resemble an ordinary pigeon except, of course, that they have webbed feet like ducks. They bite greedily at morsels of pork stuck on small fish-hooks. Jack captures them for sport. He skins them and salts the skins, and when he gets them home he sells them to taxidermists. Their plumage is very beautiful.

The meat of the Cape pigeon is strong; it has an ancient fish-like smell, but Jack devours it, as he does nearly everything that comes into his clutches. The Cape hen is a brownish bird as big as an average turkey. He is bold and ravenous as a carrion crow. No garbage is too unclean for him. He watches greedily for any stray "manavelings" thrown overboard, fragments of biscuits or entrails of fowls being snapped up with avidity. They are not difficult to capture, but as they are powerful brutes it takes a strong cod hook and line to haul them in. When once on deck they fight like devils. Their flesh is too foul even for a hungry sailor. I never yet met a man with nerve enough to eat one.

It is impossible to catch an albatross with hook and line. This noble bird despises garbage and succumbs not to the fascination of a fish-hook baited with pork. I believe he lives on fish. I have never seen him eat, though the same albatross has followed my ship for days, circling around the vessel in majestic curves and sweeps, cleaving the air seemingly without exertion.

I have known albatrosses to be caught on an outward passage, but they have always blundered aboard when the ship has been calmed. I have kept them in a hencoop for several days, but they will not eat; their hearts seem broken, and they soon pine to death. When properly mounted by a taxidermist they are very handsome.

I was once shipmate with a skipper who was an excellent shot. He was an Englishman and was never happy except when he was killing something. He used to amuse himself, while "running his easting down," in 54 degrees south latitude, with shooting Cape hens, Cape pigeons and albatrosses. He used to kill a great many. As soon as they fell dead or wounded into the water they were greedily devoured by the rest of the flock, who fought for the fragments with savage glee.

China's Population.

A writer in the *North German Herald* discussing the causes of the increase in population of China, and the increasing energy of the Chinese race, which enables it to absorb other people's and always to conquer in the struggle for existence, remarks that the native statistics show that it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the population went beyond 60,000,000. From that period onward it has grown continuously in spite of famines, wars, and pestilence, and is overflowing into other countries and causing political disquietude.

The causes of this are a mild and paternal Government, the extension of foreign trade, and the spread of emigration. In this period there were two great reigns, those of Kanghi and Kienlung, which lasted about sixty years each, the greater number of which were years of profound tranquility and beneficent legislation. The educational system also, which extends to every village, and leads to the vast increase of persons connected with teaching and literature, and to a multiplication of occupations, has stimulated the increase of population, while foreign trade has vastly increased the number of persons engaged in agriculture. The cultivation of silk has grown enormously under the influence of the foreign export, and with it the numbers of persons engaged in tending mulberry trees, feeding silkworms, spinning, weaving, wholesale and retail trade in silk.

Out of 380,000,000 of which the population is, according to the latest official statistics, composed, about 1 to 10 is engaged in agriculture, 1 in 100 is a bricklayer or mason, 1 in 120 is a tailor, 1 in 140 is a blacksmith, 1 in 9 a washerman, while about 1 in 100 is a carpenter. All these classes are largely benefited by an increase and multiply with foreign trade. Lastly, emigration has caused an increase in the population to a remarkable degree. The places of those who leave are soon filled up, and when the emigrants return with their wealth they react upon the general prosperity, and consequently the population by putting their capital into local enterprises, and thus adding their quota to the wealth of the nation.

Prince Rudolph's Tomb.

The vault of the Capuchin church, where the Crown Prince Rudolph's remains are entombed, was opened to the public from noon till 6 o'clock in the evening of two days last week. The vault was brilliantly lighted and odorous with the scent of fresh flowers of the wreaths deposited on the sacrophagi of the various members of the imperial house lying near the Crown Princes tomb. This last was smothered with splendid floral tributes, wreaths having been laid on it by all the archdukes. Above all the rest were two wreaths, one from the Crown Prince's widow, with the inscription on ribbon, "Von Deiner Stephanie," the other from their only child, the little Archduchess Elizabeth, with the inscription, "Von Deiner Erzsi," the Hungarian for Elizabeth. The imperial vault was densely thronged, and the visitors were required to pass quickly around the central attraction, the Crown Prince's tomb, in order to make room for others. Six tall wax tapers were burning in high girandoles around each of the larger sacrophagi and two wax candles near the smaller tombs.

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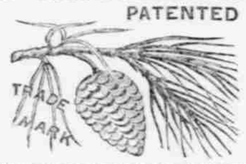

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Dec. 6, '89.-3m.

A Spongy Hand and Leg.

At Balkrick, Ind., lives John Workhurst, who is the unfortunate possessor of peculiar physical traits. Workhurst is about forty years old and a farm laborer, employed near Balrick and in the neighborhood of Crawfordsville. Three years ago he began to experience peculiar sensations in his right arm. The pains were not particularly keen at first, but they gradually grew worse and were much like those of rheumatism. The same pains were felt in the right leg, though the symptoms there developed less quickly than in the arm. This continued several months, and Workhurst, who had been treated for rheumatism, experienced no relief.

After about four months a change began to take place in the arm, being first apparent in the hand. That member by degrees changed from a horny piece of flesh and bone into a spongy substance of peculiar character. This change came about slowly, but gradually spread to the elbow. The foot underwent similar changes, and the peculiar spongy condition of the flesh spread to the knee. Of course, with his hand gone or incapacitated, Workhurt cannot labor, and after consulting physicians without receiving any encouragement he is waiting to see what other freaks nature will play with him.

The altered flesh is a dark brown. In perfect keeping with its spongy texture, the hand and foot absorb water, though in a limited way, and the liquid can be squeezed out. Workhurst's left arm and leg remain normal. One of the odd things about his condition is that he has lost in weight considerably since the change took place. From his appearance he should weigh 150 pounds, but his weight is 115. It is thought that the disease, or whatever it is, has worked upon him internally and caused the reduction in weight. He walks with a limp, but is able to lift the strange arm readily, though the fingers do not move and cannot be controlled.

The case has caused a great deal of interest in the neighborhood of Workhurst's home.

Management of Oil Lamps.

In view of the numerous fatal and other accidents caused by petroleum lamps, the following suggestions as to the construction of such lamps have been made:

That portion of the wick which is in the oil reservoir should be enclosed in a tube of thin sheet metal, open at the bottom, or in a cylinder of fine wire gauze, such as is used in miner's safety lamps (twenty-eight meshes to an inch).

The oil reservoir should be of metal rather than of china or glass.

The oil reservoir should have no feeding place nor opening other than the opening into which the upper part of the lamp is screwed.

Every lamp should have a proper extinguishing apparatus.

Every lamp should have a broad and heavy base.

Wicks should be soft and not tightly plaited.

Wicks should be dried at the fire before being put into lamps.

Wicks should be only just long enough to reach the bottom of the oil reservoir.

Wicks should be so wide that they quite fill the wick holder without having to be squeezed into it.

Wicks should be soaked with oil before being lit.

The reservoir should be quite filled with oil every time before using the lamp.

The lamp should be kept thoroughly clean, all oil should be carefully wiped off, and all charred wick and dirt removed before lighting.

When the lamp is lit the wick should be first turned down, and then slowly raised.

Lamps which have no extinguishing apparatus should be put out as follows: The wick should be turned until there is only a small, flickering flame, and a sharp puff of breath should be sent across the top of the chimney, but not down it.

Cans or bottles used for oil should be free from water and dirt, and should be kept thoroughly closed.

Different Manners.

Manners are often worst in the most industrious and advanced parts of the country. In the highlands of Scotland, where industrious civilization is almost unknown, popular manners are excellent; in some parts of the lowlands they are rude, repellent and unsympathetic. The best English manners are to be found in certain rural districts, the worst in thriving and energetic Lancashire. Too much energy is unfavorable to the best behavior, which, grows to perfection among idlers, or in agricultural and pastoral communities, where folks work in a leisurely fashion and have many spare moments on their hands. Manners always represent an ideal of some kind. The English way of behavior seems to stand for dignity, the French for grace. Manners in both countries are more the representation of self in outward form than any evidence of real consideration for the person to whom they are addressed. The Englishman wishes to convey the idea that he himself has dignity, that he is a gentleman; the Frenchman is anxious to show that he is a witty and accomplished man of the world. * * * The virtues of English behavior are chiefly of a negative kind, and those of French behavior positive. An Englishman is pleasant because he is not noisy, not troublesome, not obtrusive, not contradictory, and because he has the tact to avoid conversational pitfalls and precipices. The Frenchman is agreeable because he is lively, is amusing, is amiable, is successful in the battle against dullness, and will take trouble to make conversation interesting

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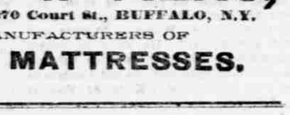
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Venetianello, the Italian rope-walker, although a man of short stature, was celebrated throughout Europe as the strongest man of the sixteenth century. He daily performed with a hardwood beam twenty feet long and a foot square. This beam was a heavy load for two men of average build, yet this Liliputian prodigy would walk about his exhibition grounds with it standing upon one end on his shoulder, juggler fashion, and shift it from one shoulder to the other without the aid of his hands.

Nicholas Klunher, another sixteenth century athlete, brought from a cellar a cask or hogshead of wine containing 252 gallons, without the aid of pulleys or ropes, and afterward deposited it in a wagon.

George le Feur, the German writer, mentions this extraordinary feat in his writings, and even says that the affidavits of persons who witnessed the removal of the cask were then extant.

"I have seen a man," says Mayolus, the Italian bishop, "in the town of Aste, who in the presence of the Marquis of Pescara, handled a pillar of marble three feet long and one foot square, which he cast high in the air, then received it upon his arms, then threw it up again as easily as if it had been a cotton ball."

Cardan writes that he once saw a man dancing with two full-grown men in his arms, and with one seated upon each shoulder and a fifth clinging around his neck.

Thomas Topham, the wonderful strong man of the past century, performed many astonishing feats of strength. He was born at London in 1710. On the 28th day of May, 1741, when Topham was 31 years of age, he gave a most wonderful exhibition when, at Coldbath Fields, near London, he lifted three hogheads of water, weighing 1,836 pounds, in the presence of thousands of people.

The Messenger Boy.

The diminutive professional messenger boy, with his bright face and tasty uniform, is to my mind a personage who deserves some little consideration. As a public institution he comes in for a good deal of abuse. He never goes on a message and returns with an answer without being "cussed" by the recipient of that answer for not moving faster; the jokes made at his expense by the newspaper wits and comedians of the stage would fill a book, and altogether his lot, I fancy, is one not exactly to be envied. And think of the hours he has; it is never less than twelve hours' service a day that he is called on to perform, and the most arduous sort of service at that. He is constantly on the move, never at rest; he must go into all sorts of places—often into places where it is not good for a boy of his years to enter—and he must always appear neat, brisk and cheerful, or he will stand in danger of being bounced. Something that never fails to excite my sympathy is the sight, late at night, of a worn out district messenger boy fast asleep (as I have often seen them) in the corner of a street car, with his message gripped faithfully in his chubby hand and an expression of premature old age on his tired features. I never see this last sight without resolving never to berate one of the youngsters for tardiness in going on my messages. The boys do their work well, and deserve a good word occasionally.

A Dog as a Mail Carrier.

The way the dog became a mail carrier was as follows: One day the postmaster wanted to send word to his brother at Bismarck, but did not want to make the trip. It occurred to him to try the dog. He wrote a letter and tied it around the dog's neck, pointing the dog's nose towards Bismark and then told him to go. He trotted off a short distance and then turned about to see what else was wanted. Some of the small boys showered stones at him and he ran on to Bismarck. Next day he returned with an answer tied on his neck and he showed that he had been well treated. The experiment was repeated, each time with success and additional dignity on the part of the dog.

As soon as it became known that Dorsey could be depended upon, requests were constantly made by the miners to send their mail by him. The loads soon increased, and it became evident that they could not tie on all the letters. The miners then ordered a hansome little mail bag and fitted it to to the dog's shoulders. It is fastened around his chest by one strap, and around his body, back of the forelegs, by another. He has never missed a trip for about three years or lost a letter. Now, when the stage comes in, he gets up, stretches himself, walks to the postoffice, waits to have the mail strapped on him, and starts off as soon as he is told all is ready. He will go a long way around to avoid meeting a stranger, seeming to realize the importance of his mission.

Central Park's Obelisk.

There is something pathetic in the present condition of the obelisk in Central park, New York. It is going to pieces, unable to withstand the climatic changes that exist on the island of Manhattan. This flinty relic of long ago, that stood unchanged amid the fierce heat of Egypt for twenty centuries, is rapidly disintegrating after a few years' exposure to the frosts and storms of the land of its adoption. A few years ago the grand old monolith was given a coating of paraffine, the surface of the stone having been previously heated. But this treatment has failed to stay the destroying hand of the frost king or to render the obelisk proof against extreme changes of temperature. But one course is regarded as open in order that the shaft may be preserved indefinitely, and that is to put up a building that shall inclose it. There is no difficulty in the way of this procedure, and a high domed edifice should put a barrier between the pitiless elements and this superb and historical mass of stone.

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HOW TO GET IT
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As a Guide for buyers and sellers of merchandise and produce, THE POST'S market reports will be found full, reliable, extensive and of very latest date from every commercial center. While in size and quality of reading matter it is equal to two of the ordinary ones, all of which, and other excellent features, make it the largest, best, and cheapest paper in the country. The cattle, produce and grain markets, especially prepared for the weekly edition, are always full and reliable.
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The Spanish Language.

The Spanish women is romantic in the broadest sense of the expression. From the cradle to the grave her life is one of romantic intrigues. It must be so or she is intensely miserable. She lives her inner life in a mad, passionate way that would utterly eclipse a heroine of Mrs. Amelia Rives-Chanler. The Spanish language is admirably adapted to the Spanish people. It is a language of music and sentiment. Any one who has ever heard Spanish spoken as it should be, with grace and elegance, cannot fail to have been charmed with the rich contralto sound of the Spanish *o*'s and the sonorous vowels, pronounced strong and clear, with which the Spanish language abounds. Charles V was not far wrong when he said that the Spanish was the language with which to talk to the gods. It has a grandeur and dignity of expression unequaled by any modern tongue, and at the same time it can sound a note from the heart strings as soft and tender as a summer breeze, and as fine and strong as a piano wire. Many of the ladies in Mexico are learning English, in view of the closer relations between the two republics, and their thick lisping of the English vowels gives the language a sonorous burr rather pleasing than otherwise.

How to Take Care of the Eyes.

A well-known doctor formulates the following rules for the care of the eyes for school work:

1. A comfortable temperature, and especially let the feet be warm and dry.
2. Good ventilation.
3. Clothing at the neck loose; the same as regards the rest of the body.
4. Posture erect; never read lying down or stooping.
5. Little study before breakfast or directly after a hearty meal; none at all at twilight or late at night.
6. Great caution about study after recovery from fevers.
7. Light abundant, but not dazzling.
8. Sun not shining on desk or on objects in front of the scholar.
9. Light coming from the left hand, or left and rear, under some circumstances from in front.
10. The book held at right angles to the line of sight, or nearly so.
11. Frequently rest by looking up.
12. Distance of book from the eye about fifteen inches.

Taking Out a Rusty Screw.

The hinge of the woodhouse door was broken, and Farmer John, who never liked to see things going to pieces, went to work to replace the broken hinge with a new one. The old screws, however, had rusted, and although a man of muscle, not one of them could Farmer John budge, until Willie came out to see what was going on. Now, Willie is a great reader. His father often thinks he spends too much time over his books. "Let us try the Russian way," Willie, and going to the house he heated the kitchen poker red hot, and pressed it to the head of the screw for a few minutes, when the screw was easily taken out with a screw driver. So much for "book learning." So much more for the bright boy.

Health Hints.

Don't shake a hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railroad crossing.

Don't go near a draft. If a draft comes toward you, run away. A sight darft is the most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bull dog to give up a yard of which he is in possession. Possession in a bull dog is ten points of the law.

Don't go to bed with your boots on.

This is one of the most unhealthy habits that a man, especially a married man, can be addicted to.

Farming in Spain.

In Spain farming is conducted in a very primitive way. Grain is cut with a small reaping hook and thrashed as in time of the Cæsars, that is, by tramping about with asses hitched to a stone boat. The plow is a crooked stick stick pointed with iron. In the towns are to be seen heavy wooden carts drawn by oxen. Most of the carrying, transferring, etc., is done by donkeys. Sand, brick, lumber—in fact almost everything that has to be moved—is carried on their backs. These animals are used all through Spain, and for every purpose in the same way in which we use them in the almost impassable canons of the Rocky Mountains.

The Test for Big Guns.

The big guns made abroad are not tested for their absolute carrying powers, but for their penetrative powers. Thus, the targets at which they are aimed are not placed to learn so much how far they will carry, as how deeply the shot will penetrate armor of a given thickness. Two, three and five miles are the usual distances at which the targets are placed. It has been estimated that the biggest guns, those on the Italian ironclads, and some of the largest English guns, can throw a shot a distance of eleven miles with considerable accuracy.

Oh, What a Cough.
Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.